THE LADY'S MAGAZINE, OR Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 45, No. 12, for December, 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. PORTRAIT of the BARONESS DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.
2. Fashionable COSTUMÈ for January.
3. PATTERN for the Front of a DRESS.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*The Stage Coach*," the Essay "*On the Practice of Candour and Benevolence*," and "*None can tell where the Shoe pinches, but those who wear it*," shall have early insertion.

The commencement of "*The Unnatural Uncle*" promises well; but we abide by the rule, heretofore announced, not to begin any story whatever till in possession of the whole; for the sequel may, in some cases, (though in the present one it is highly improbable) not equal the expectation formed at the outset, or some casualty may happen to an individual writer, and the public be thereby disappointed of a proper continuation. If the fair Authoress will send the remainder, due attention shall be paid to the whole.

There are several reasons why we must decline the poetic effusion of "*Juvenis*." First, we do not like such rhymes as this:

> "Too sure she lov'd you with an ardent *zeal*;
> "But sympathy itself you've paid with *guile*."

Secondly, we cannot think that "a roaring lion, grinding bones and flesh on the shore," is an apt simile to convey the idea of love on the part of "*Damon*" towards "*Phyllis*;" and, thirdly, (or *principally*) several passages are indecorous, which impropriety at once excludes any communication from our Miscellany.

The notice, given by *Marina* respecting her address, shall be duly attended to. She will find that her late communication had our immediate attention.

Miss Squire's "*Stanzas on reading Mr. Lacey's Poem of Friendship, Love, and Content*," came too late for insertion this month, but shall certainly appear in our next Number. The same applies to Mr. Lacey's Essay, entitled "*All the World Hypocrites*," and his "*Address to Sensibility*."

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR DECEMBER, 1814.

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 515.)

To Philip Sydney, Esq.

MORE an alien — less connected than ever.—I seem thrown off from any natural connexion with mankind. There is not a being in this habitable globe that I can now claim kindred with. I once thought myself the son of an honest woman; but even Mrs. Middleton, Lord Malcombe's housekeeper, disowns me. My mind is a chaos of doubt and anxiety. To understand this incoherence I refer you to the inclosed letter, which I have just received from Lord Malcombe: you will there see the cause of my present perturbation. I am unable to write any more; I am going to the Hermitage for the purpose of informing the Laird and Mr. Hamilton what an obscure being they have honored with their friendship. Adieu! Sydney, adieu! Write immediately on the receipt of this. Ever your's,

MIDDLETON.

Lord Malcombe to Henry Middleton, Esq.

(Inclosed in the preceding letter.)

I know not, my dear Middleton, whether the intelligence I now send you will be productive of pleasure, or pain; but I have reason to think, from the known goodness of your heart, that the latter sensation will, for a while, be predominant, when you hear that your reputed mother, the good, the respectable Mrs. Middleton, is no more. I say your *reputed* mother, for, in her last moments, she owned to me, that she had no righ to the maternal character. You will, no doubt, be greatly surprised at this discovery—I own that I was exceedingly so; but not to keep you on the rack of expectation, I will briefly relate the particulars of this affair. Mrs. Middleton was attacked, about a fornight ago, with a disorder, which, on its first approach, was attended with alarming symptoms. I no sooner understood this than I sent for my own physician, this good woman having been so very diligent and assiduous in the management of my family, that I looked on her as having a just claim to every care and attention which it was in my power to show. With great regret I found it the physician's opinion that her complaint would prove fatal. I immediately ordered a servant to go with all speed, and desire your attendance, as it was natural to suppose that it would be a satisfaction to both if you saw each other before a final separation took place. By some means she heard of my design, and to my infinite astonishment sent to beg that I would not dispatch the messenger to you, as, in all probability, she should expire before you could arrive: and had much rather not see you in her last moments. I did suppose this strange request was sent in the height of delirium, and was determined, at all events, to pursue my plan, but, before I could dispatch the man, Mrs. Middleton sent again to beg that I would favor her with a few moments' conversation, as she had something of importance to acquaint me with.

When I came to her bed side, I found her perfectly calm and composed. On seeing me, she desired the women, who were attending on her, to quit the room, and then addressed me in the following manner: "I know not whether the inviolable secresy, which I have hitherto observed, with regard to the young man, who supposes himself my son, will meet with your lordship's applause, or condemnation; but the prospect before me makes this but a matter of little consequence. Harry Middleton, my lord, is not my son; the approach of death dissolves the foolish oath I thought myself bound by, and I beg your lordship's attention. — At a time, when I was in a very distressed situation, having lately lost an affectionate husband, as well as a fine boy, and was left, with an infant at my breast, in very indifferent circumstances, I was greatly surprised at the unexpected appearance of a sister whom I had not seen for some years. She had with her a very lovely boy, about three years old. My sister seemed much fatigued and distressed in mind, making very incoherent answers to the questions I put to her. She begged of me, with tears in her eyes, to allow her an asylum, and to keep it an entire secret that she was with me. As I really loved her, and found she had plenty of money, I readily complied with her wishes. She had been with me but a few days, when the violent perturbation of her spirits brought on a fever, which soon put a period to her existence. Before she died she called me to her, and conjured me, in the most solemn manner, to protect that poor boy, who was born, she said, to better prospects; adding that she had acted basely, but was going to answer for her sins at the throne of mercy. She made me take an oath that I would pass this child on the world as my own, and that I would never, on any account, relate any of the particulars with regard to her and the child. She then bade me untie a ribbon that was fastened round her neck, to which hung the picture of a gentleman. She instructed me to take the picture out of the gold setting, telling me to keep the gold, but to give her the picture, which she tore, with her own poor trembling fingers, into a hundred pieces. She then directed me to a box, where I found another miniature of a lovely woman, set round with brilliants. This she told me was the resemblance of the child's real mother; and, as she had no enmity towards her, bade me preserve the picture. She soon after this expired, when, by way of security against any thing that might happen, I wrote all these particulars down, with my sister's name, and the date of the year, and day of the month, in which she came to me with the child. I folded the picture up in this paper, and carefully secured them. This friendless boy was likely to be a great burden to me, but as I found myself attached to him, and had besides a most aweful idea of the oath I had taken, I resolved to act as a mother towards him. By the interest of a friend, I was appointed wet nurse to your lordship's son, but before I came to my place, it pleased God to take from me my own infant. This loss increased my fondness for my adopted son, and he was received with me into your family, when I had soon the happiness of seeing this fine boy attract your lordship's notice. You seemed amused with his innocent prattle; and so attached have you been to him, that in no instance have you made any difference between him and Mr. Brudenell. When he grew up, I was proud of the notice

that was taken of me as being the mother of so accomplished a young man, and I believe no consideration would have made me disown a relationship, which, as I thought, reflected so much honor on me. My heart has reproached me when this dear boy has often earnestly entreated me to give him some account of his father, but I always silenced him on this subject; for I dreaded, lest I should lose, by an avowal of the truth, that respectful and tender attention with which he always treated me. This, my lord, is the tale I have to tell you. If I have been faulty in not disclosing this circumstance before, the fault I hope was a venial one, and will be forgiven. Your lordship will make what use you please of the picture, and papers, which I now deliver to your care; and may I, my lord, make it my last request, that you will continue to treat this friendless young man with the same kindness as you have hitherto honored him with?"

Mrs. Middleton was here so much exhausted that she heard not what I said, and the next day she expired.

This, my dear Middleton, is all I have to relate. Your birth still remains wrapt in obscurity; but that unerring Providence, which has conducted you thus far, will, in its own good time, lead you to the truth. Let not this developement give you any uneasiness. Remember that in me you have a parent, who feels for you all the tenderness of a real father. You share my affections with Brudenell, who feels for you as a brother. I am under infinite obligations to you, Middleton. The excellent regulations, which you have made in my Scotch affairs, claim all my thanks. Return to me, my dear Henry. You have been too long absent from friends who love you, and long to see you. Return, then, that I may personally express the sense I have of the services which you have done me. Believe me, most sincerely and affectionately, your devoted friend, MALCOMBE.

P. S. Inclosed are the testimonies which Mrs. Middleton entrusted to my care.

(*To be continued.*)

On the PROPRIETY *of sending* FEMALE CHILDREN *to* BOARDING-SCHOOLS, *as a general practice.*

"Show me a maid so fair in all your ranks,
Ye crouded boarding-schools." *Hurdis.*

I HAVE a fair cousin, about the age of fifteen, who has hitherto received her education at a very excellent day-school in London; of which I cannot but lament there are so few, that can be called good ones. She is a young lady of very considerable promise both in person and manners, and her education is advancing very rapidly; but a worthy old aunt has found out that she wants a little finish; that a year or two at a superior boarding-school would be of the most essential service to her; and, in support of this opinion, has very anxiously pressed that she should be sent to one.

The mother of the young lady is, perhaps, one of the very best examples of female propriety, that can be found; and the daughter, from spending all her time, except that occupied by instruction, with her, is as interesting as is possible for a young female to be. All the best affections of the heart, all the true fondness for home, all the genuine love for her relatives, are so commingled in her breast, that I should be very sorry to see any such feelings destroyed by the attempt at improvement above-mentioned.

I must confess my fears that the general practice of sending female

children to boarding-schools is not one, which will tend to make them better, either as daughters, wives, or mothers. I do not mean, for an instant, to censure any of those who are the keepers of them, nor to find any fault with their regulations; many of both are excellent; but the very circumstance of so many children being together, tends to injury. They will not be all alike, the children of rich parents; and those, who are so, will be apt to infuse pride among the meaner ones, thus occasioning in them a sort of detestation of home, and fashionable demeanor, totally unfit for the station they are to fill in life. A vast number of other, and stronger, objections are to be found in the circumstance of their being so much alone together, which neither the best school-mistress, nor the most able teachers, can prevent. But with me the very strongest objections are the alienation of affection, and the almost total unfitness for domestic duties, which too often follow such an education; and these are things most essential to a female. What is so dearly interesting as to see a young maiden pouring forth all that natural flow of love and regard for parent, brother, or sister, which shew a heart unpolished, a mind untainted by fashion or by folly; and in later life, what so necessary as the complete knowledge of domestic duties; and the cheerful, because habitual, fulfilment of them? And how, let me ask, is this likely to be the portion of a female, unless brought up under the eye of her mother? Deeming, of course, that mother to be a fit example for her daughter; no instructress can be better.

"Let a mother first be taught,
And we shall see the path of virtue smooth
With often treading. She can best dispense
That frequent medicine the soul requires,
And make it grateful to the tongue of youth,
By mixture of affection. She can charm
When others fail, and leave the work undone.
She will not faint, for she instructs her own;
She will not torture, for she feels herself.
So education thrives, and the sweet maid
Improves in beauty, like the shapeless rock,
Under the sculptor's chissel, till at length
She undertakes her progress through the world,
A woman fair and good, as child for parent,
Parent for child, or man for wife could wish." *Hurdis.*

I am well aware that much, in a case like this, is to be advanced on both sides; home, it may be said, is too indulgent a place for children; they are allowed too many extra holidays, and consequently their advancement in education is broken in upon; their minds are kept in such a balance between amusement and instruction, that the latter is greatly retarded; and various similar, and, in some degree, forcible remarks. But I deem them all counterbalanced by what I have before stated; for such feelings, and such accomplishments, are what render, or ought to render, a woman estimable in the eyes of the world. Man has to look for all his real earthly happiness to woman, and a comfortable home; this must be the case from the prince to the peasant. To woman we owe our being; we derive from her our first nourishment; she watches over our infant hours, and leads us up to manhood; she rewards her husband's care with a return of love, soothes his sorrows, pillows his aching head upon her bosom, and draws from his breast the hidden pang; she cheers declining age, and attends the bed of sickness and of death!—Where then, but to woman, can man look for comfort, or for joy?—Let her be but well taught, in all that best be-

comes a female, and man must be happy.

"Bless'd with her
He wanders not to seek for happiness,
'Tis his at home!"

J. M. Lacey.

The Adopted Child.

(*Continued from page* 509.)

The spirits of Frances were at all times vivacious; but the prospects, which the visit of Lord Delafonte had opened to her view, were of the most animated nature. Her imagination wild, and fertile, was perpetually representing the pleasure she should enjoy, when emancipated from her present solitude. She began to wonder at the protracted visit of Lady Delafonte; but her sanguine and artless mind supposed it only occasioned by Marina's marriage; and, after this was consummated, she concluded that the whole party would hasten to Belvoir. She was dancing along the wood before her mother and Mr. Dupont, who was again come to try whether he could prevail upon them to accompany him to town, when the marquis's magnificent chariot, followed by four attendants, appeared in view. Old Freeman, whom advanced age, and a gouty habit, obliged sometimes to have recourse to the carriage, had, for the last forty miles, taken a seat in it; and now, from one of the windows, beheld the remembered figure of Mrs. Mervil. He bade the postillion stop; and, hastily alighting, walked forward to meet her.

The benevolent aspect of this venerable old man had never been forgotten by Mrs. Mervil. Age had more silvered his locks; but the benignity of his features time had not destroyed; and, full of astonishment at his unexpected appearance; she exclaimed as he approached her: "It is Freeman!"

"It is, indeed!" said this faithful domestic as the tear rolled down his furrowed cheek, "he has lived to see his prayers fulfilled; and the wife of my dear and ever honored master will be restored to the arms of his family. The marquis at length is just. My Lady Marchioness's dying request will now be obeyed. This carriage, madam, comes to convey you and Miss Fanny to Ormville Park. My Lord Marquis is impatient to receive you, and our good young lady lives only to embrace you."

"Oh, Mr. Freeman," said Frances, "if Marina be dying, Ormville Park will have no charms for me. I dare not face my uncle, unless she is present." Saying this she burst into an agony of tears, and sat down under a tree.

By the time the carriage, and attendants, reached the cottage, she was more composed; and, Mrs. Mervil having convinced her of the propriety of immediately acquiescing in the marquis's desire, she rose to assist her mother in preparing for their departure.

Mr. Dupont attended them part of the way, and then, having engaged Mrs. Mervil to proceed to London after visiting the marquis, joined his sister in Cavendish-square.

The reflections of Mrs. Mervil, on quitting the wood, were at once painful and pleasing.

She was leaving the spot, which had afforded a peaceful asylum to her sorrows; but she was probably on the eve of beholding the wish of her lamented husband happily realized.

Alive to the inspirations of hope, the mind of Frances anticipated the most flattering consequences; and, when a doubting sigh escaped Mrs. Mervil, she pressed the hand of her mother, while in the most affectionate accents, she assured her, that the

period was now arrived, which was to reward her virtues.

Pleased with this filial compliment, Mrs. Mervil listened to her animated remarks on the passing scene; and, when Frances contrasted the bustle of a market town with the tranquil occupations of Belvoir, her mother's risibility did justice to her humourous description.

As the Lodge at Belvoir comprised, in the estimation of Frances, every architectural elegance, with what wonder did she survey the noble edifice at Ormville Park! Abashed at the idea of being presented to the lord of so spacious a mansion; (whose pride she detested) her spirits fled, and, till relieved by the appearance of Lord Delafonte, who was waiting at the door to introduce them, she continued silent.

Mrs. Mervil strove to repel the tremor, which seized her, as her kind nephew led her through the grand saloon to the apartment, where the marquis, in all the parade of grandeur, was waiting to receive them.

The cold formality of his salute checked every aspiring hope in favor of her son; but, when she presented Frances, the dignity of his features relaxed, and he embraced her with such cordiality, that her bosom experienced a transport, which made her (for a moment) forget his antipathy to herself.

The marquis soon led them to the chamber of Marina; where Mr. and Mrs. Montague, Miss Manby, and Lord Macduff were assembled.

Mrs. Mervil shed tears of gratitude, as she held Lady Macduff in her arms. Frances hung on her neck, and wept for joy.

It was the first ray of happiness, which had beamed on Marina, since her departure from Belvoir, and her countenance conveyed to the mind of the marquis an acknowledgement, more expressive than a thousand words.

Though her attention to Lord Macduff was an effort of duty, she was no longer coldly civil; and, when she introduced her friends, she did it with such an interesting preface, that even his sallow cheeks were tinged with a glow of sympathy, and he lavished so many encomiums on the merit of Colonel Mervil, that Lord Delafonte, from that hour, beheld him with more complacency. There was a congeniality in the minds of Mrs. Mervil, and Mrs. Montague, that soon attached them to each other, while Miss Manby was charmed with Frances, and undertook to initiate her into the mysteries of fashion.

Marina recovered daily, and, at the end of a fortnight, was able to travel, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Montague to the hot wells. She parted, with regret, from Mrs. Mervil, and Frances, who immediately joined Mrs. Southland, and Mr. Dupont, in Cavendish-square.

Lord Delafonte, on the morning after Mrs. Mervil's arrival at Ormville, declared his intention of going to Ireland, in search of Captain Mervil, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he had prevailed on Lady Delafonte to pay Mrs. Mervil a short visit on the evening previous to his departure. Provoked at his taking such unwearied pains to introduce a family, who would infallibly share that wealth, which she hoped solely to engross, she conceived an unwarrantable aversion to them. Her airs, and the affected superiority of her manner, were little calculated to engage the esteem of Mrs. Mervil, who secretly pitied the infatuation, which, in opposition to every rational inducement, made her the object of Lord Delafonte's choice.

Educated in France, Lady Dela-

fonte imbibed no small portion of the levity peculiar to that nation. She ridiculed the idea of female propriety, as obsolete, and countenanced only by jealous husbands, or peevish old batchelors.

Lord Delafonte endeavoured, by generous indulgence, to counteract these opinions; and, though he daily reproached himself for marrying a woman, whose beauty was her sole attraction, he determined that no inattention, on his part, should sanction her indiscretion. Lord Sparkle was her favorite *cicisbeo*—he was her constant dangler at the opera, play, and masquerade—he was admitted to her toilet, and sometimes indulged with a *téte-á-téte* in her *vis-à-vis.*

From this intimacy no dangerous consequences were to be apprehended: Lord Sparkle wished to be considered as a man of intrigue; but he possessed neither passion nor inclination. The ladies were to him like his bandalores, *pour l' amusement.*

Lord Delafonte knew his foible; and, secure of his honor, never interrupted their parties. Having engaged to meet his lordship on his return from Ireland, Lady Delafonte joined her favorite friend Lady Blanuise, at Granby House. We will, therefore, leave her at the Wells; and return to Captain Mervil, whom we left at the post house in Monmouth.

Lord Delafonte's letter conveyed no intelligence of his mother and sister. It offered no clue, by which he could trace them. His dependance for information rested solely on his lordship. He wrote, therefore, an account of his dilemma, and resolved to wait the answer. Some days, however, passed, and no answer arrived. One morning, as he was perusing the Bristol paper, he saw Lady Delafonte's name among the arrivals at the Hot Wells. From her at least he should obtain intelligence of Lord Delafonte; and he immediately ordered his servant to follow him to Bristol.

Lady Delafonte was easily found, and, to Mervil's inexpressible satisfaction, as soon as he mentioned his name, he was ushered into the drawing-room.

The figure of her ladyship carelessly reclining on a sofa, in a most becoming dishabille, exhibited a form, fashioned by the Graces. She immediately rose to receive him, and, before she answered his enquiries, politely apologised for her seeming rudeness at Hargrave Place; which she so effectually explained, as to remove every doubt of her veracity.

After informing him that Lord Delafonte was gone to Ireland in quest of him, she artfully represented the introduction of his mother and sister as solely the effects of her interference.

Marina she depictured in the most unamiable colors; insinuating that she had given encouragement to Mr. Tudway, and afterwards deserted him for the rich Macduff.

Though these assertions were uttered by a mouth, whose singular beauty was the theme of universal admiration, Mervil rejected its dangerous influence, even under the conviction that Lady Macduff's marriage was a sacrifice, which no woman of delicacy ought to have made.

To prevent the continuance of a subject, which had nearly disconcerted his philosophy, having gained a vague direction to his mother, he took his leave.

On the parade, to his great astonishment, he saw Tudway, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, to whom he was introduced by the name of Bellarmine. Mutually rejoiced, they

agreed to pass the day together. It was yet early, and they proposed a walk under the rocks.

Mervil, who had never visited the Wells, was delighted with its romantic scenery; and returning by the last angle, which concealed the pump-room, they perceived a large party of ladies before them. The figure of Lady Macduff, leaning on the arm of her Lord, was soon discerned amongst the group.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Tudway, "it is Marina. His well known voice vibrated on her trembling ear—she turned to behold whence it came; and instantly fainted.

Mervil remembered the words of Lady Delafonte, and, conceiving that Tudway alone could have excited this emotion, prevailed upon him to turn back, and leave Bellarmine to bring them intelligence of her recovery. Bellarmine quickly returned with an assurance that Lady Macduff was recovered, and had reached her lodgings apparently in good spirits.

At Tudway's lodgings they each found a card from Lady Blandise, with an invitation to attend her evening lounge. Tudway insisted on Mervil's accompanying them; and, at nine o'clock, he was introduced by Bellarmine, to Lady Blandise.

This lady was a widow of large fortune and extensive connexions. Though past the meridian of life, she was vain, capricious, and temporising. According to her notions wealth, and titles, excused every moral impropriety; and even infidelity found an apologist, when attended by these concomitants. Tudway had no title; but his claim to opulence was indisputable.

Such was the lady, whose softened accents, and eccentric manners, excited the curiosity of Mervil.

A gracious nod, from Lady Delafonte, announced his importance. This infallible token of friendly recognition, was no sooner perceived, than her ladyship honored it with every mark of polished observance; and, in the exercise of that refined policy, denominated "words of course," illustrated to Mervil, the speciousness of her character, and the weakness of her intellect.

"Here is a character," whispered Bellarmine, on hearing him express a wish to depart, that will surprise, if not amuse you, a being whose mind Locke himself would be puzzled to define. Every sentence he utters is a contradiction to common sense; yet his ridiculous gestures and significant monosyllables convey a meaning, which it is impossible to mistake."

The person thus described had observed Mervil, and was advancing towards them, when Tudway introduced him.

"Are you acquainted with the lady of this mansion, sir," said the non-descript, bowing obsequiously to Mervil, and smelling some myrtle at the same time. "She is styled the Female Chesterfield."

In order to conceal Mervil's propensity to laugh, Tudway prevented his reply, by an interrogation, which always flattered the political vanity of Sir James. After rallying him on the disappointment he had caused his constituents, Tudway ludicrously anticipated the effects of his elegant banquet on the senatorial assembly, who, charmed by its fragrant oratory, would readily acquiesce in his silent negative. With a pish, and a connected shrug, he answered, "Bondy has no ambition."

All this time he was eying Mervil, and at length affectedly twisting his head over the right shoulder, he pompously exclaimed, "Mars in person."

Are not Sir James Bondy's com-ons truly figurative?" said Lady idise. "Perfectly so," accorded lway, casting at the same instant arch glance at the baronet, who ually toasted her ladyship as his avorite jonquil.

Mervil then quitted Bellarmine, concluded the evening at Tudway's lodgings, and the next morning departed for London. Just before he tepped into the chaise, he was not a little astonished to hear from Tudway, that Lord and Lady Macduff, had an hour before left the Wells, and were gone to Weymouth. Tudway added that he should take a peep at them, and then visit his little pea blossom, which was the name he generally bestowed on Frances.

(*To be continued.*)

ANTIQUITY *of* RINGS *used in the Marriage Ceremony, and for other religious Purposes.*

WE find, from Josephus, in the third book of the Jewish Antiquities, that the women of Israel wore rings after passing the Red Sea; because Moses, at his return from Mount Sinai, found the men had forged the golden calf from their wives' rings. Moses also permitted the priests whom he had established, the use of gold rings, enriched with precious stones. Aaron, the high priest of the Hebrews, had one upon his finger, whereof the diamond, by its virtue, is said to have performed miracles. When the Hebrews, for their sins, were to be punished with death, its vivid lustre changed to a dark color; and when they were to die by the *sword*, it appeared of a blood color; but when they were innocent, it sparkled as usual.

Rings have been the frequent pledge of faith, as well as the instruments of wickedness; which is proved by frequent mention in the Scriptures. In the first book of Kings, it is related that Queen Jezebel, in order to destroy Nabath, made use of the ring of Ahab, king of the Israelites, her husband, with which the counterfeit letters were sealed, ordering the murder of that unfortunate man. In the 38th chapter of Genesis it is said, that Tamar bargained with Judah, her father in law, for his signet (ring), his bracelets, and his staff. Thus far from the sacred writings.

The Greeks and the Trojans wore rings, and from them other nations received them. The Lacedemonians used iron ones, despising those of gold. A curious story is told of a ring being found by Gyges, shepherd to the King of Lydia. After the great deluge Gyges went into a very deep cavity in the earth, where he discovered a brazen horse, and on it a human body of an enormous size. From one of the fingers he pulled a ring of surprising virtue, for it rendered the person who wore it invisible. By means of this talisman the shepherd became King of Lydia, killing King Candaules, and marrying his queen. Alexander used the ring of his conquered foe Darius in sealing his letters to Asia with it; and his own for those which he sent to Europe. In ancient Rome the bridegroom sent his bride a ring of iron, without either stone or colet, in order to denote how lasting their union ought to be, and the frugality they were to observe together. Finally, in our times we know (some perhaps know it to their cost), that we are wedded with a RING.

The MATRON'S SOCIETY.

(*Continued from page* 481.)

No. 2.

QUERY — What qualification is most essential towards forming what is generally considered a good wife?

Mrs. Turnpenny rose.—I am perfectly convinced, ladies, that it is not

the possession of one qualification alone, which can entitle a woman to the honorable distinction of being considered a good wife; for, in fact, there are so many requisites towards this as to justify me in saying that there are few indeed who thoroughly deserve it; and fewer still, who are so fortunate as to obtain it. But our question particularly points to one good quality, as the thing most needful: I will, therefore, take upon myself to assert my opinion that it can be no other than *economy*. The most thoughtless, the most dissipated of men, allow this qualification to be excellent in a wife; and I surely need not point out how very essential it must appear in the eyes of a prudent husband.

A woman, at the head of a family, has, in course, the command of the greatest part of her husband's property, and her neglect or extravagance may occasion his total ruin; for it is not the casual expenditure of an idle hour that can occasion such serious difficulties, as the want of a regular system of economy. This provides for contingencies, and if the parties are affluent, keeps them so, or, if depressed in circumstances, makes the most of a small pittance, and secures them from the approaches of want. This, therefore, must be a qualification materially requisite for the comfort and well being of a family.—Such, at least, is my opinion; though I am open to conviction, and anxious to hear the sentiments of my friends upon this interesting subject.

Mrs. Positive. I perfectly agree in opinion with Mrs. Turnpenny, that economy is the surest means of securing a family from want; but I do not feel convinced that it is the supreme requisite; as by the term, a *good wife*, more is, I should imagine, implied than merely a prudent housekeeper. A good wife, as far [as I] can judge, must be one who m[akes] her home the delight of her husba[nd,] who conscientiously discharges [her] duties to him—to her family—and [to] society. It is not, therefore, suffi[-]cient for her to be thrifty, or manag[-]ing, if she has not some other more engaging quality; as I have known women, who, notwithstanding their reputation for being economical housewives, were objects of disgust and contempt to their husbands—women, who carried their economical system to such lengths as to debar their husbands and children every innocent indulgence. At any rate, economy is but a moral excellence; and I think my friends will support me in asserting that, in this age of licentiousness, we ought, for the benefit of society, to take a higher aim, and give the precedence to a qualification, which religion enjoins, and, without which, all other good qualities must be unavailing to establish the character of a good wife, or to secure matrimonial felicity. I need not add, that I mean—*chastity*.

Mrs. Pratemore. I am certainly taking up the argument at a great disadvantage, after two such animated speakers as have preceded me, and should, perhaps, have preferred remaining silent, had it not struck me that there is a qualification, essential to the reputation of a good wife, which might not occur to any of our members. The qualification I allude to is *patience*; and I think several of my married friends here will own that they have had frequent occasion to regret the want of it; while others, who may have been extraordinarily gifted with that rare endowment, will readily allow that they have found it most eminently serviceable, and generally conducive to their happiness.

Mrs. Eitherside. Our friend Pratemore has certainly hit upon a qualification, which, however necessary and beneficial, would not, I dare say, have been enumerated in our list. Nevertheless, I must acknowledge what she has so humourously started to be not altogether undeserving of our attention. I do not presume to assert that the qualification alluded to is of more importance than these dwelt upon by the judicious lady who spoke first, or the worthy member who replied; but I am inclined to believe that patience in a wife is both a moral and a religious duty. At the same time, I wish it to be understood that I would not merely adopt the ludicrous sense in which the term is commonly applied; but give it dignity, by attaching to it the more serious signification of meekness, gentleness, and resignation.—This accepted, there surely can be nothing more meritorious in a woman. It must be a qualification which secures to her the regard of her husband, the respect of her children, the esteem of her friends, and the admiration of her enemies, if such a character could have enemies. Above all it ensures her self-approbation, and her peace of mind. In prosperity, she bears her faculties meekly; and, in adversity, she endures mildly the dispensations of Providence. In the middle station of life she enjoys moderately and with hope. The casual occurrences of life neither irritate nor oppress her; and, in this qualification, there is an advantage that does not attend the others. It has neither selfishness nor the fear of shame for its support; but is the result of a virtuous mind, and a happy disposition.

Mrs. Controvert. Upon my word it is not to be wondered at, that our friend Mrs. Eitherside should lay so much stress upon the merit of patience, when she made such a vast demand upon our small stock of that valuable commodity by her long prosing speech. I must do her, notwithstanding, the justice to say that some parts of it sounded plausibly enough; but I cannot agree with her that this qualification, amiable as it may be, would prove sufficient to satisfy a man of sense for the deficiency of either of the others. An overbearing tyranical husband might, indeed, be well pleased with such a Griselda; but there are rational good sort of men who would consider this tame virtue a very poor equivalent for a dishonored name, or a broken fortune.

Mrs. Arbitrate. I am sorry to observe that the last speaker has suffered herself to be hurried into a degree of warmth on the subject, which I fear some of our members may consider rather unbecoming. Permit me, therefore, ladies, to interpose. I trust Mrs. Eitherside has too much of the good quality, which she justly appreciates, to feel offended at any expressions, that may inadvertently have fallen from her opponent in the heat of argument, and I beg to observe, as it appears from what has been advanced, on each side, that to constitute a perfect good wife it is necessary she should possess not merely one, but all of the qualifications enumerated, namely, *prudence*, commonly called *economy*—*chastity*—and *meekness*, designated by the term *patience*, my young friends, who have been silent auditors of this debate, will, I hope, form a just estimation of the importance of these virtues for the judicious regulation of their conduct, when called upon in the sacred character of a wife.—It now remains only for me to state that, being obliged, by the terms in which our question was framed, to give the preference to one essential

qualification, it must be that, which in married life is oftenest called into action. I therefore give my vote in favor of PATIENCE, and refer the decision to the majority.

This question being almost unanimously decided as Mrs. Arbitrate suggested, the one for the next debate was put:

Query—Is novel reading a dangerous indulgence for females, or is it not, under proper restrictions, an innocent recreation?

The AUTHOR'S PORTFOLIO.

(*Continued from page* 416.)

No. 5.

"It is not the excess of our feelings which destroys our comfort, but the want of a proper application and distribution of them." LOOKER ON.

I KNOW not why I should blush to acknowledge the meanness of my origin, or feel unwilling to declare that my parents were too poor even to afford me the advantage of a sixpenny school; yet it certainly is a fact, and it is equally true that I cannot overcome the false shame, which crimsons my cheek, when I advert to a circumstance so degrading. My father was an honest hard-working shoemaker, residing in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden; and I was the eldest of five children. When I was about six years of age, I was one day playing in the street with my usual vivacity, and heedlessness, when a carriage passed rapidly along. The pole of it struck me down, and one of the wheels went over my arm; the coachman pulled in his horses; and a lady, who was the only person in the carriage, eagerly enquired what injury I had sustained. Some said I was killed—others asserted that every bone in my body was broken—while I, though in extreme pain, started up, and begged they would not pull the poor coachman off the box (which they were attempting to do) as I was not hurt, adding that, if I were, it was more my own fault than his.—"You are a generous little fellow," said the lady, smiling, "but I think you are more seriously hurt than you are aware of—pray, good people, examine his arm. It hangs as if it was broken." This was, indeed, the case—I was taken to an apothecary's shop, whither the servants of the lady attended me. The fractured limb was set, and they conveyed me home.—My mother's alarm was, at first, excessive, but, upon being assured, that, with a little care, I should soon do well again, and that all expenses would be defrayed by Lady Portarlington, the good woman suppressed her lamentations, and even expressed herself grateful for the kindness I had already experienced.

My humane friend called every day to know how I did; and frequently condescended to enter our humble habitation. She conversed familiarly with me, and seemed highly delighted with my manner of answering her questions. She even hinted as much to my mother, who, with all the fond pride of a parent, mingled also a little worldly policy, and did not fail to assert that I was a wonderful shrewd child for my years, adding, that, although I had never been to school, I knew more than many children of seven or eight years old, who had cost their parents pounds. This gave rise to enquiries on the side of the lady, who, finding that my father, though industrious, could scarcely earn sufficient for the maintenance of his family, enquired if my parents would be willing to spare me altogether, assuring them that if they were, she would take care of me, and give me a good education—nay, she more-

over insinuated that she would be a friend to the whole family. This was certainly an embarrassing proposal, and although I believe my mother had a due share of maternal affection for me, she relinquished her own gratification for what she considered my future advantage. Mistaken woman! It was an error, for which both you and your son dearly paid—but I must not anticipate.

The dowager Countess of Portarlington was, at this period, about forty years of age, possessed of an ample fortune, and still a fine showy woman. She had never been a mother, but was particularly fond of children. To attract her notice or favor, however, they must possess an extraordinary share of beauty; for Lady Portarlington's benevolence was not the spontaneous effusion of a feeling heart, but the impulse of a romantic imagination, which found gratification only in the indulgence of a capricious sort of sensibility. I was considered a remarkably pretty child, and, as my mother always exerted herself to keep me clean and decently attired, my appearance was certainly superior to that of most poor children. Added to this, I was extremely agile and lively, so that my patroness considered me a most interesting object.

When received into Lady Portarlington's house, my coarse apparel was changed for habits of finer texture and fashionable make, which, she was pleased to say, became me extremely; and when she next took me home to see my parents, young as I was, I could not but perceive that I was considered an object of admiration by all. My little brothers and sisters crouded round me —some played with my sash—others admired my beautiful red boots—and the youngest cried for the feather in my beaver hat—while *I* was anxiously endeavouring to keep them off, that they might not soil my finery with their dirty fingers.

"Dear me!" exclaimed my mother, "who would think that was our Neddy? I declare he looks like an angel. How good your ladyship is to him!"—"I hope," said my father gravely, "Ned will not get too proud. I am afraid he will soon be ashamed of us."

"I am called *Edward* now, father," said I. "My lady says Neddy sounds vulgar, and she cannot bear any thing vulgar."

"Edward is a very good little boy," observed the countess, "he is a great favorite in my house. I have undertaken to instruct him myself, and find his improvement adequate to the pains I take with him. He can read easy lessons already, and I have taught him some pretty verses, which he recites charmingly."

I repeat these conversations, not for the sake of extolling my own capacity, or personal advantages; but to display the effects of such injudicious praise.

I soon began to consider myself a personage of vast importance. My visits home afforded me no other pleasure than what was administered to my pride by the admiration of my mother; for, as my father had predicted, I began to feel ashamed of my affinity to such common sort of people; and as my patroness, whenever I committed a fault, threatened to send me back to my father, that he might make a shoemaker of me, I considered his employment the most degrading and contemptible thing on earth—a prejudice, which has clung to me ever since; so powerful is the force of early association.

For a few years I enjoyed the sunshine of my patroness's favor. She was particularly fond of dramatic repre-

sentations, and at one of her summer residences had an elegant theatre erected, where the pieces were occasionally performed by amateurs. Such parts were allotted to me as suited my age and appearance, which gave me an early taste for poetry, and polite literature; but it also unhappily gave me a taste for idleness, extravagance, and parade. I had scarcely attained my fourteenth year, when a young adventurer contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of my patroness, and ultimately succeeded in prevailing upon her to give him her hand, together with what was to him equally desirable—her ample fortune. This was a death blow to all my expectations, for I soon found that I was by the husband considered an useless incumbrance. He frequently remonstrated with her on the folly of bringing me up in idleness—a remonstrance that was certainly just — though from his mouth it sounded more like the suggestion of avarice, than prudence. Lady Portarlington, who was warmly attached to me, withstood his importunities for a long time. My society was agreeable to her, and I had the talent of making myself useful to her in many ways. I was in fact her little page, and was treated with unbounded indulgence. Mr. Mowbray affected to be jealous of her marked partiality for me; and teazed her so incessantly on the subject, that she at length agreed to send me to school. This to me was a degree of punishment only tolerated by my dread of returning home; but, upon trial, I found it not quite so irksome as I had imagined. I pursued my studies with pleasure, and advantage; so that I was soon distinguished by my teachers as a lad of promising abilities. I was also happy enough to obtain the goodwill of my schoolfellows, by assisting them in their exercises, and, having a ready invention and retentive memory, I was always the person applied to in any difficulty, or when any new pastime was required. I was, in short, the orator, the poet, and the *amanuensis* upon every occasion. From this private seminary I was removed to Winchester school, and thence to Cambridge, where the interest of my patroness obtained me the favor and particular notice of a worthy divine; who, in the course of a short time, procured me a sizarship at St. John's college, with promise of further aid, if I chose to become a candidate for one of the university scholarships. Yet, with all these advantages, I was either too habitually indolent, or by nature disqualified for the prosecution of severe and intense study; consequently my success was not equal to the sanguine expectations of my friends. The efforts, I had already made, undermined my constitution before enervated by mistaken indulgence; and, alarmed by the representations of the gentleman, to whose particular care I had been recommended by my patroness, she recalled me. By her desire I accepted the office of private secretary to a nobleman of distinguished talents. In this situation I had opportunities for indulging my own taste in literary composition; and my vanity was highly gratified by the flattering reception, which my fugitive pieces met with in the fashionable circles, where they were introduced.

My patron unfortunately for me was also ambitious of an author's fame; and in consequence of its having been whispered, in some particular parties, that the subject of a poem, on which he particularly prided himself, had been proposed by me, and that he was indebted to my genius for some of the most admired passages, I was dismissed with

haughty indignation, and cautioned against opposing my talents to those of my patron's, upon any future occasion. The injustice and illiberality of this rebuke sickened me of dependance; and I resolved to trust entirely to my own abilities for a maintenance; which I then imagined could be obtained without difficulty, in a manner more congenial with my feelings.

(*To be continued.*)

Curious Observations.

Extracted from Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature.

A single drop of water, converted into steam, has been found capable of raising a weight of 20 tons, and would have raised 20 thousand, were the vessel containing it sufficiently strong, and the fire below increased in proportion. Vol. 1. p. 184.

It has been computed and found, that our ordinary load of air amounts to within a little of 40 thousand lbs. and we are actually known, by computation, to carry at one time 4000 lbs. of air more than at another. Vol. 1. p. 302 & 3.

The earthworm of America is often a yard in length, and as thick as a walking-cane; the boiguacu, which is the largest of the serpent kind, is sometimes 40 feet in length; the bats in those countries are as big as a rabbit; the toads are bigger than a duck; and their spiders are as large as a sparrow. V. 2. p. 6.

Animals.—In short, their very appetites may be changed; and those that feed only upon grass may be rendered carnivorous. I have seen a sheep that would eat flesh, and a horse that was fond of oysters. V. 2. p. 327.

The intestines of the sheep, unravelled out and measured according to their length, will be found to be above 30 times the length of its body. V. 3. p. 209.

An animal, bred between a rabbit and hare, is common; but, like all other mules, marked with sterility. Nay, it has been actually known that the rabbit couples with animals of a much more distant nature; and there is at present (1774) in the Museum at Brussels, a creature covered with feathers and hair, and said to be bred between a rabbit and a hen.

The fecundity of the rabbit is still greater than that of the hare; and if we should calculate the produce from a single pair in one year, the number would be amazing. They breed seven times in a year, and bring eight young ones each time. On a supposition, therefore, that this happens regularly, at the end of four years a couple of rabbits shall see a progeny of almost a million and a half. V. 4. p. 15.

Almost all animals are tamed more difficultly in proportion to the cowardice of their nature. The mouse, being the most feeble, and consequently the most timid of all quadrupeds, except the guinea-pig, is never rendered thoroughly familiar, and even though fed in a cage, retains its natural apprehensions.

It has been often remarked that all animals are sagacious in proportion to the size of their brain. It has, in support of this opinion, been alleged that man, with respect to his bulk, has, of all others, the largest. In pursuance of this assumption, some erroneous speculations have been formed. But were the size of the brain to determine the quantity of the understanding, the seal would of all other animals be the most sagacious; for it has, in proportion, the largest brain of any, even man himself not excepted. However, the animal is possessed of but very few advantages over other quadrupeds;

and the size of its brain furnishes it with few powers that contribute to its wisdom, or its preservation. V. 4. p. 170.

The flap of a swan's wing would break a man's leg; and a similar blow from an eagle has been known to lay a man dead in an instant. V. 5. p. 9.

The eyes of birds, though they outwardly appear but small, yet, separately, each almost equals the brain; whereas in man the brain is more than 20 times larger than the orbit of the eye. V. 5. p. 10.

(*To be* concluded *in our Supplement.*)

A DAY *at an* INN:

A Dramatic Piece, in Two Acts.

Count de Brumenthal—*An eccentric old man.*
Major Menzikoff—*An officer in the Prussian service.*
Hubert—*Quarter-master in the same regiment.*
Maurice—*Servant to Major Menzikoff.*
Gontelier—*A saucy bragging inn-keeper.*
Servant to the Count.
Alexina—*Niece to the Count de Brumenthal.*
Justine—*Her confidential attendant.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Entrance of a grand Hotel.

Enter Gontelier, *followed by* Maurice, *who vainly attempts to attract the landlord's notice,* Gontelier's *whole attention being directed to the luggage which his people are bringing in.*

Gontelier (petulantly to *Maurice.*) I wonder why you will persist in being so troublesome, when you see I have not a moment to spare. Bless me, bless me! A man needs two pair of eyes, two pair of ears, and two pair of hands, to keep such a house as this. Guests pouring in from all quarters! So, so—a rare stock of luggage I see. These new comers will make a long stay, no doubt. Pretty pickings I warrant! Softly there, you clumsy lout! What do you mean by banging people's property about in that manner?

Maurice (aside). The mercenary fellow is so eager after fresh spoil, that it is useless for me to attempt speaking to him. If I persist, he will only treat me with impertinence before these strangers. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant *at the opposite door,* Gontelier *bows obsequiously, and eagerly takes from him his cloak and several small parcels.*

Servant. Take care of these things, friend.—I hope we shall be better off in your house than at some where we have been forced to lodge. We have met with vile treatment from rascally landlords of execrable inns.

Gontelier. Have you so, sir? Then you may now thank your good stars for conducting you to the best hotel in Berlin. I hate boasting, but there are few such houses as this, and I may say none so well conducted. Always civil, always clear, always ready—that's my motto. Here cook, chambermaid, hostler, see that you have every thing ready at a call. Nothing like dispatch! That's another of my mottoes.

Servant. You have so many mottoes, friend, that it is a pity you should lack a coat of arms.

Gontelier (aside). A sharp fellow this.—True, my good sir, and you seem to have better luck than your neighbours, for you have good *supporters* which give you consequence, or you might sometimes appear rather *crest-fallen.*

Servant. If your provisions are as stale as your puns, master Gontelier, I would not come within scent of your larder for a trifle.

Gontelier. And if your appetite is as keen as your wit, friend, I shall

not get much by you. Excuse me, but I like to have my joke, ah! ah! —However, to be serious, have the goodness to inform me—who am I to have the honor of entertaining?

Servant. Persons of high rank and consequence, I can assure you.

Gontelier. So much the worse! Some of your great people make a vast deal of bustle, and spend but little money. However, I dare swear your noble employer is not one of these close-fisted noisy sort of gentry, and therefore he may depend upon having the very best accommodation. But, as I said before, I hate boasting. Within there!

Enter Waiter.

See that all the luggage is carefully placed in the anti-chamber of the yellow room. Throw out the lumber of that military spark, and let it be carried to the loft till he finds other quarters—and hark you (*whispering*) these new guests are to have bad beds and good wine, that they may sleep the less and drink the more.

[*Exit* Waiter.

And now, friend, I must tell you that I have more than once entertained under this roof the Princes of the German empire, the ministers of France, and the ambassadors from England; aye, and to their satisfaction too, though I hate boasting. Ah! they all know honest Gontelier —always civil, always clean, always ready, that's my motto.

Servant. And now you may add to your list of illustrious visitors, the Count de Brumenthall and the lady Alexina, my very worthy employers.

Gontelier. I shall be proud to pay them every attention. Does the Count love good cheer?

Servant. You have nothing to fear on that score. He eats and drinks like a German, and pays like an Englishman.

Gontelier. Ah, these are travellers after my own heart—and the lady—is she his wife, his daughter, or his mistress?

Servant. None of them, friend. She is his niece and reputed heiress—a beautiful creature as ever you saw.

Gontelier. I am not apt to be inquisitive, but—pray what sort of a man is the Count?

Servant. The best soul breathing —somewhat proud I own—a little hasty too at times—rather whimsical, and upon some occasions violent and ungovernable. Now some servants might be impertinent enough to call these little varieties of temper, faults, but bless your heart, he has such an agreeable odd sort of a way with him that he will give you a box on the ear with one hand and a ducat with the other. I never grumble for my part.

Gontelier. Pleasant enough, I must confess; and his niece, does she give blows and ducats too?

Servant. Oh, no! She gives ducats and sweet words. She is the gentlest, mildest lady in the world.

Gontelier. I am glad to hear it. Well, well, let them come, they will find no cause for complaint here, for though I do not boast, as some folks do, I may safely say that—

Duet.

When people of consequence travel this way
I give them the best,

Servant.

. . . . if a good price they pay.

Gontelier.

There's no larder like mine in this city,
Of ven'son, fowl or dainty fish,
My cook prepares a savoury dish,

Servant.

And your damsels I see are all pretty.

Gontelier.

Whate'er they please to order is brought without delay,
My guests will never grumble

Servant.

. . . . until they come to pay.

Gontelier.

My wines are in flavour the rarest,

No house like mine can here be seen,
'Tis always ready, always clean,

Servant.

And your damsels I'm sure are the fairest.

Gontelier.

Civility and order thoughout the house prevail;
No dinners are serv'd up with provisions that are stale:

Servant.

All hosts cannot make that assertion.

Gontelier.

So all people of fashion who travel this way,
Sojourn at my inn,

Servant.

. . . . . . for which you make them pay;
But boasting I know 's your aversion,

Gontelier.

But boasting you know 's my aversion.

Hark! as I live the carriage is driving up, I must run to receive my noble guests. [*Exit.*

Servant. And I to inspect your larder, master landlord. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An apartment indifferently furnished.

Gontelier *ushers in the* Count, Alexina, *and* Justine.

Count (looking about). Why, landlord, this is but a sorry apartment. I expected better accommodation from the appearance of your house.

Gontelier. I beg ten thousand pardons, my lord; but, to say the truth, all my best chambers are occupied. However, if your excellency will do me the honor to rest here a few minutes, I will shew you one of the handsomest rooms in Berlin. I am just going to dislodge a young officer, whom I allowed to remain there only by way of keeping it well aired.

Alexina. By no means. You must not behave unhandsomely to any of your guests upon our account. I can assure you my uncle, the Count, is not at all particular.

Count. You have no business to interfere, niece. I expect to be treated with the respect due to me.

Alexina. Perhaps, my dear uncle, this gentleman may be of the same opinion.

Gontelier. Oh dear, no, my lady! The case is widely different. These military sparks are not so nice. They are used to camp and decamp at short notice. I know my customers.

Count. No doubt, no doubt, master Gontelier.—Niece, it is not right to meddle with other people's concerns.

Gontelier. I dare say the gentleman will be in a fine passion, but that will give me little concern; for between you and me, my lord, when people cannot pay their way, I think it time to make them shift their quarters.

Count. Is he distressed, then?

Gontelier. Why, in truth, my lord, I cannot positively say that he is; for he has paid well enough hitherto; but I rather suspect all is not right; for most of his great acquaintance have lately turned their backs upon him, and instead of having colonels and majors to dine with him, he is content to take up with the society of an humble quartermaster.

Count. A sure proof, master Gontelier; a sure proof that of pecuniary embarrasment. What is his name?

Gontelier. He calls himself Major Menzikoff, my lord.

Alexina. Dear uncle, it is certainly our major.

Count. Od's life, very likely! I know him well.

Gontelier (aside). Confound it, I have got into a pretty scrape.—Excuse me, my lord, but I think there must be some mistake. Menzikoff is a very common name, and I am pretty sure the person I speak of is no acquaintance of your lordship's—indeed I have strong reasons for thinking that he is no better than an

impostor, who has assumed that honorable name.

Count. A scoundrel! Let me see him, and if it is so, I will teach him what it is to assume the name of a gentleman of family and fortune.

Alexina. My dear uncle, be not so hasty. You can soon satisfy yourself on that head, you know.

Count. Aye, so I can, child. Well, well, landlord prepare some refreshment. Bless my heart, I forgot how long I have fasted.

Gontelier. You shall have the best of every thing, my lord. Always clean, always civil, always ready—that's my motto. [*Exit.*

Alexina. Well, my dear uncle, are you still in the same mind with regard to this awkward business?

Count. Awkward business! I have no patience with you. To be sure, I am. Do you take me for a weather-cock? I tell you, Major Menzikoff shall marry you. Did he not save my life? And do you think I will remain in his debt? No, curse me if I will, although he was such a mad-brained fool as to run away, rather than receive a favor at my hands.

Justine. That was the strongest proof he could give of his disinterestedness, my lord.

Alexina. Of his indifference rather, I fear, Justine. If his regard for me had been as great as he once pretended, his pride would have yielded to his affection.

Count. Indifference! I will not hear of it. Well, well, I am glad he has got into difficulties; for now I *will* serve him in spite of himself. An impudent conceited fellow! To think of cramming an obligation upon me, who scorn to be behind hand with any man! But I know what to do. The court martial is to be held this very day. I will go before the president, and try if I have not influence enough to set all right; and if that step does not succeed, I will go to the king, and tell him plainly that he has not so brave a soldier, or so good a subject, in all his dominions, as Major Menzikoff—that the calumny of private enemies should never sway the judgment of a monarch; in short, I will draw such a picture of the base wretches, who have been trying to injure him, as cannot fail to interest his feelings. What do you shake your head at, girl?

Alexina. I fear that such indiscreet zeal will serve only to injure the cause you wish to support.

Count. Do you take me for a fool? I tell you I *will* do it, so say not a word, say not a word.

DUET.

Alexina. Generous uncle, pray forbear;
Vain is interference;
Count. Soon the business I can clear,
By making my appearance.

Alexina. Rashness will but hurt the cause,
As you are quite a stranger;
Count. I shall gain the court's applause,
Of that there's little danger.

Alexina. Alas! I fear you'll not succeed,
Although an upright cause you plead.
Count. Leave that to me—my purse is lined.
Justice can feel, if she be blind.
[*Exit.*

Alexina. The Count makes me tremble. He is so headstrong, so impetuous in this affair.

Justine. But he has such a good heart, in spite of all his oddities. I am sure he loves the major as if he were his own son, and is only anxious to make you both happy.

Alexina. I am convinced of that, Justine. Yet he adopts such extraordinary measures as cause me the greatest embarrasment. What, for instance, can be more extravagant than his bringing me post haste two hundred miles to force me into the arms of a man, who, as eagerly, flies from me?—Then, to go in his whim-

sical way before people high in power, in a strange country, where even his name is perhaps unknown, praising and abusing the major in the same breath, and yet expecting they will attend to his representation? Indeed, my dear girl, it appears little better than madness, and I dread the result.

Justine. Do not alarm yourself, madam. I fear, in fact, that he will make a blundering piece of business of it; but you know he must have his way. It would be as unavailing to remonstrate with him as to attempt to stop the mouth of a cannon.

Alexina. It is true, Justine. Our safest plan will be to let him alone. But how strangely it has happened, that we should come to the very house where Menzikoff lodges! I have no doubt of its being the same.

Justine. Nor I, and the humble quarter-master is no other than Hubert, I dare say.

Alexina. He is, I well know, too warmly attached to the major to desert him in adversity; and Menzikoff is too amiable not to appreciate justly the value of a faithful friend, however humble his station.

Justine. Every one speaks in praise of him, I am sure.

Alexina. Indeed, Justine, if female weakness be ever excusable, it is when occasioned by an object so deserving.

Justine. Ah, madam, we have all our weak moments; but who can help it? Is he not one of the handsomest man in his majesty's service?

Alexina. Why, I own few can compare with him, and then his deportment is so graceful, his air so noble!

Justine. He marches with such a firm step, and goes through all his manœuvres with so much ease and elegance.

Alexina. His conversation is always interesting, his style so polished, so free from affectation!

Justine. And when he swears it is in such a droll way.

Alexina. Swears—I never heard him so degrade himself.

Justine. I have though, but very seldom, for he has the sweetest temper imaginable.

Alexina. And so much wit.

Justine. And tells such comical stories.

Alexina. I never had a specimen of his talents that way.

Justine. Oh, that is generally when he and I are by ourselves.

Alexina. Are you speaking of Menzikoff?

Justine. Dear heart, no—I was speaking of Hubert.

Alexina. We are both simpletons, Justine—but no matter. Our tongues were prompted by our hearts, and we spoke without deceit.

Justine. For my part, I am not ashamed to own my sentiments; and I am sure you have no occasion to blush for your's.

Alexina. I hope not—but go, Justine, and endeavour to find out whether our conjectures are right. If Menzikoff is here, I should like to see him before he meets with my uncle.

Justine. And I should like to see Hubert too. [*Exit.*

AIR.

Alexina.

Oh! call not by the name of love,
  A passion sordid, mean, or base;
Far from my mind such thoughts remove,
  For virtuous love knows no disgrace.

The impulse of a generous heart,
  From ev'ry selfish care removed,
Alone can genuine bliss impart,
  By virtue won, by worth improv'd.

Exit.

(*To be continued.*)

...nic *Memoir of the* Baroness ...e Stael Holstein.

(With a Plate.)

...s distinguished lady is the ...ter of Monsieur Necker, the ...ier, once idolized by the French ...e best of ministers, and after- ...s decried by the revolutionary ... as a traitor to the interests of ... country. M. Necker was born ... Geneva, and sent, at an early age, ...y his father, a celebrated professor, to Paris, where he was placed in the count...ng-house of his uncle M. Vernet, a merchant of eminence. He was steady and diligent, so that, with the excellent commercial connexions, which he had the opportunity of forming, there could have been little doubt of his realizing a very large fortune, had he chosen to make the love of gain his chief object. He pursued his mercantile concerns for twenty years, and was at one time a partner in a house at London, as well as Paris. M. Necker, however, unlike the greater part of the trading community in England, was exceedingly attached to poetry, and other departments of literature; to the study of which he devoted all his leisure hours, except when he found that he could spare so much time as to allow an occasional visit to the numerous friends, whom he possessed in his native city.

Among the literary men, with whom he became intimate at Paris, was the well known Abbé Raynal, and for many years they were constant associates.

When thirty-five years old, and in the year 1765, he married Mademoiselle Curchodi de Nasse, a lady of Geneva, possessed of the greatest beauty, and highest mental endowments. The offspring of that union was the subject of our memoir, who may justly be considered as the greatest female luminary of the present age. M. Necker was, in a short time after her birth, gratified by the appointment of representing the Republic of Geneva at the court of Versailles, in which situation he conducted himself entirely to the satisfaction of those, who had delegated to him the important trust; while his daughter gradually improved, from her constant intercourse with society, possessing the most polished manners, and cultivated understanding.

Her father, while she was yet very young, became a keen writer on financial subjects, and produced many other literary disquisitions, which raised his reputation. It is probable that a natural partiality to the productions of a parent first led Mademoiselle Necker to read these, and that, aided by strong natural genius, they gradually produced the train of thought, which, "growing with her growth, and strengthening with her strength," led to her present excellence as a writer.

Eight years after his marriage, M. Necker was appointed Finance Minister of France, and never was a man placed in a more arduous situation than this afterwards proved to him. The seeds of the most dreadful revolution, which has stained the page of history, were already sown. He used every virtuous effort to unite the court and the people by one common tie, but the Demon of Anarchy defeated his endeavours, and he fell under the displeasure of his monarch. Mademoiselle Necker had just attained her thirteenth year when, by a decree of Louis the 16th, (resulting, we will hope, from bad counsel), her father was commanded to quit Paris, with a stipulation of not taking up his residence within forty leagues of it. The mandate was instantly obeyed; but it was not long before M. Necker was summoned again to court—again to undergo

a bitter mortification. Immediately before the destruction of the Bastile, at which time he was the idol of the people, he received a second sentence of exile, and secretly withdrew from the scene of tumult, together with his amiable lady; leaving their daughter under the care of her uncle, till she could safely follow them to Brussels. At this place she joined them, full of apprehensions for her excellent father, which fortunately proved groundless. M. Necker was soon, for the third time, summoned into official service. The tide of affairs had turned against the unhappy sovereign of France, and it was hoped that the popularity of the recalled minister might stem its rising influence—but alas! every noble effort, made by the well-meaning Necker, proved abortive. He was, in his turn, declared to be an enemy to the people—*he* who, till now, had been the object of their loudest eulogy!—Perceiving that to avert the impending storm was beyond the power of mortal agency, he determined on immediate flight with his family. This he with difficulty effected, and retired to his native country, where he possessed a small patrimonial estate, on which he resided during the remainder of his life; hearing, with horror, the multiplied accounts of atrocity, on the part of the nation he had so faithfully served. It is wonderful that, of the various factions, which alternately agitated France, none fixed on Necker as an object of blood-thirsty malice; but he never interfered as to their proceedings, and with a mercy, (or, more properly speaking, justice) by no means generally exercised towards those, who had provoked revolutionary vengeance by having held a high official situation, they now suffered him to "pass the noiseless tenor of his way."

Five years after his secess[ion from] public life, M. Necker sancti[oned the] espousals of his accomplished [daugh]ter with the Baron de Stael H[olstein,] at that time Envoy from his Sw[edish] Majesty to the French Repu[blic.] Our fair authoress was now bec[om]ing known as one of high promi[nence.] Among her earliest works are [her] "*Letters on the Writings and Ch[a]racter of J. J. Rousseau,*" and he[r] treatise "*On the Influence of the Passions on Individuals, and on National Happiness.*"

It excites regret to perceive, by several remarks in the first of these publications, that her marriage was not a happy one, the Baron, her husband, being, it appears, of a turn very different to that of his more enlightened consort. She discloses her feelings on this subject as follows:

"In the present state of society we have much more to dread from the negative defects of indifference and egotism than from any kind of exaltation. It is possible for men and women of the lower ranks to be possessed of highly valuable and eminent qualities without their minds having been cultivated; but the habits acquired in the elegant and idle classes of society wither the heart, unless it be refreshed by invigorating studies: when the votary of genteel life is not fortified by an extensive literary instruction, she only learns to repeat with ease common-place observations, to mould her opinions in received forms, and her sentiments in mere civilities or politenesses. If these sacrifices be not compensated by a superior education; if elevation of soul does not restore you to nature, and knowledge of truth to candour; if, in short, you do not breathe in a more extensive region, you are but a well-taught puppet, for ever singing in the same tune though different words; and were it even true,

which however it is not, that a female who has undergone this discipline would more easily submit to the authority of a husband, is there a communion of souls possible when the minds have no kind of analogy? And what should we think of a husband so proudly modest as to prefer blind obedience to enlightened sympathy in his consort? The most affecting examples of conjugal love have been afforded by females worthy to appreciate their husbands' talents, and to share their fate; and matrimonial happiness is never complete but when it is built upon reciprocal admiration."

During the continuance of her father's life, Madame de Stael was a frequent visitor at his rural retreat, Coppet, in Switzerland. There she soothed his sorrows by every filial endearment, while he invoked the blessings of Providence upon her, as well as his little grandson and granddaughter, who were her companions upon these occasions.

The venerable Necker died in 1804—his lady, some years before—and the Baron de Stael Holstein some years after.

Madame de Stael appears then to have more than ever devoted her mind to literary pursuits. The work, which seems to have occupied the greatest portion of her attention, is that, not long since published, "*On Germany*." Exclusive of the high reputation, which she had obtained, this admirable effort of vivid genius, and clear discrimination, created an additional share of curiosity from the harsh and tyrannical interdict of Bonaparte, the particulars of which we shall detail to our fair readers in an early number. The work in question has been opposed in several of its points, and in some, perhaps, deservedly, for Madame de Stael is no more infallible than other mortals; but we conceive that the shining talent and profound judgment, displayed in this as well as her other intellectual efforts, cannot be disputed by the impartial.

We understand that the Baroness has left this country, the general emancipation of Europe having enabled her to revisit the scenes of her youth, and take possession, for herself and children, of property withheld during the disastrous times, which the world too long witnessed.

Humility.

Humility is a virtue, which carries with it its own recommendation. Unassuming in its nature, and unobtrusive in its actions, it never meets in contact with the sons of Pride, nor with the votaries of Ambition. The course of the humble man is seldom interrupted, nor are his views and intentions often thwarted; though his progress be scarcely perceptible, he still advances, and it is rarely that he has to regret the nonattainment of his wishes. On the contrary, the world is in arms against a proud aspiring character; every manœuvre is resorted to, and artifice put in requisition to arrest his steps, mortify his pride, and impede his arrival at the glittering eminence, towards which his eye is directed, and where all his hopes are centred. —Humility is an ornamental and beneficial virtue in every stage and condition of life. How gratifying to see a Nelson or a Wellington after victory, waving all personal merit, and ascribing, under Heaven, the conquest to his brave companions in arms! While the hero thus humbles himself, how he rises in the estimation of the public!—Humility is very commendable, nay, politic in every author, especially in a young one. The literary censors scorn to crush the humble product of an un-

assuming mind with the iron mace of criticism—no, they will rather let the modest flower blossom unmolested in the wilds of obscurity, than destroy it by the bitter blasts of censure. If humility shed a lustre on every other character, how essentially necessary that all its graces should adorn the Christian! Influenced by a conscious sense of his own unworthiness, he feels it a bounden duty to walk humbly before his Maker; encouraged by the promise that "the meek shall inherit the earth," and that "he, that humbleth himself, shall be exalted."

I shall here introduce two living characters, which I humbly conceive may tend to exemplify the blessings flowing from an humble carriage; and the hapless train of evils, that eventually must proceed from an opposite deportment.

Calista was the only daughter of reputable parents, who moved in the middle sphere of life. Parental fondness prompted them to introduce her in early life, to respectable, though gay connexions. Endowed by Nature with a competent share of personal charms, and favored by fortune with a genteel independency, left by a maiden aunt, she launched forth into the fashionable world "with heart and spirits gay." Immoderately fond of dress, she was a devotee at the shrine of fashion; and, not having the least quantum of humility in her composition, her mind became inflated with pride. She looked down with supercilious scorn on those she deemed her inferiors, shunned her equals, and wished to associate with her superiors only. At length her attractions caught the attention of one of the Lorenzoes of the age, who soon, by dint of tender assiduity, won her affections. This gay admirer, by a long career of folly and extravagance, was brought to the verge of ruin; and he sought to enter into the connubial state, only as a last resource to protract the fatal effects of his indiscretions.—They were united, and possessing a unison of mind, the thoughtless pair sported, like painted butterflies, in the sunshine of pleasure, till, after a course of splendid dissipation, to avoid "the persecution of his creditors, and to escape from durance vile," the husband exiled himself from his native country; and Calista was obliged by necessity to seek her paternal roof for common subsistence.

Aspasia is a character diametrically contrary to Calista. Her father was a small farmer, who, by industry and frugality, procured a comfortable maintenance for his family. Blest with good sense, which, "although no science, is fairly worth the seven," Aspasia was anxious to enrich her mind with every useful acquirement, and to adorn her comely form with decent attire, in which she displayed a genteel taste, and an elegant simplicity.

> "Though beauty's radiant charm
> Reign'd not in triumph on her comely face;
> Yet if fair virtue grace the female sex,
> She surely had attractions.
> Happy she liv'd—mild peace, with turtle wing,
> Shielded her mind from gloomy discontent;
> No cares did e'er alarm her gentle breast,
> Save the soft cares that wait on constant love."

Thus lived Aspasia, the comfort of her parents, esteemed, and beloved. By her humble demeanour, and courteous behaviour, she gained the applause of all that knew her, and the affections of the son of an opulent farmer in the same village, who soon offered her his hand in an honorable way. Awhile they indulged themselves in the happy

scenes, connected with "courtship's blooming hour," till the happy youth led Aspasia to the sacred altar, and they are now ranging the hymeneal groves, plucking, with reciprocal delight, the fairest flowers of human happiness.

"Recording Heav'n has heard their vows,
And Hymen's holy bands
Have join'd their fortunes, and their fates,
Their wishes, and their hands.

Thrice happy state of placid ease,
Where doubts no more molest,
Where tranquil joys the time engage,
And soothe the wedded breast!

When hearts, in silken fetters bound,
By warm affection move;
Outfly stern duty's irksome pace,
And think and act by love!

If in the cup of human life
A cordial drop be thrown,
That cordial drop's delicious taste
Awaits that state alone."

May the fair readers of the Lady's Magazine, profit by the sad example of Calista, and be led to imitate the laudable conduct of Aspasia, and may it be their blissful fate to experience the happiness she now enjoys! JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, Nov. 18, 1814.

SWITZERLAND, *as it was in* 1790.

(*Continued from page* 520.)

LETTER XIV.

From the Hamlet near Thun.

The Discovery.

I HAVE made a discovery, my friend—a literary discovery of the highest importance—a mine of gold—of pure, unadulterated, unalloyed gold! But then I will use it with economy; and you must consider even the small share, of which I make you a partaker, as no mean proof of my affection for you.

Immediately after I had dispatched my former letter, I sallied forth, and repaired to the country. You already know in what mood I quitted the town: but scarcely had I left the Helvetic Sparta a quarter of an hour's walk behind me, when I already began to breathe more freely. It was a beautiful serene spring day; and a sweet refreshing breeze gently fanned me as I moved along. The country from Bern to Thun is unquestionably one of the most beautiful in all Switzerland—an extensive charming plain, adorned with smiling vine-covered hills, and intersected and refreshed by the fertilising stream of the Aar, which is subdivided into numerous lesser branches. Irresistibly attracted onward, I continued my walk, until night, whose envious veil now began to shroud from my view all the beauties of the surrounding landscape, admonished me that it was time to look for a place of shelter and repose.

At no great distance I heard some people singing. I followed the sound of their music, and soon found myself near a small neat hamlet, which sits tranquil and secure at the foot of a hill. At the entrance flows a little rivulet; and adjoining to it lies a beautiful smiling green. On this green I met an assemblage of village lads and lasses chanting their merry strains: and a more pleasing and social circle I never yet beheld.

"Young man," said I to one of the songsters, "is there in your village an inn where a traveller may find a night's lodging?"—The answer, "Oh! yes, a very good one," and the question, "Shall I conduct you to it?" were pronounced in the same breath. I was well pleased with his answer; I was quite grateful for his question. I requested him not to go too far from his company, but barely to put me into the road that led to the house. But it was to no purpose: he insisted on accompanying me, and, in spite of my remonstrances, would conduct me to

the very door. We proceeded a considerable way; for the inn really was at a distance, as it stood quite at the further end of the village.

At length reaching the place of our destination—"My good host of the Lion*," said my young conductor to the master of the inn, "I here bring you a traveller, who wishes to pass the night in your house." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he was out of the house, and gone. "Such genuine practical civility, so free from all mean interested views," thought I to myself, "is something which we do not often meet with in the great and polite world."

"Would you please to have any thing for supper?" asked mine host, who was a short corpulent figure.—"Most willingly," said I: for, after my long walk, I was downright hungry. In less than half an hour, came in a tall slender girl, with a pair of lighted candles in her hands, to show me to my apartment. That I very chearfully followed her, you will readily believe. The door was opened; and I beheld a clean decent room: on one side stood a neat bed hung with white curtains, and opposite to it a convenient settee, before which was placed the table covered with a clean cloth. The soup, and some other dishes, whose fumes were as grateful to the olfactory nerves as their appearance was inviting to the eye, were already on the table. I called for a bottle of Neufchatel wine, and enjoyed myself like a prince.

In Switzerland, especially in the canton of Bern, there are, in the best families, and in the best inns in the country, a certain class of girls, who hold the first rank among the servants of the house, and are commonly charming creatures. In the inns they keep the key of the wine-cellar; and from their hands the wine acquires an additional zest. They may be compared to the cellar-maids of Munich, or the chamber-maids of Vienna. We find them in almost all houses: people of quality keep them for state; and even unmarried gentlemen, who keep house, have them in their employ.

When such a charming cellar-maid—who was the daughter of the house, and had spent two years at a boarding-school in the Païs de Vaud to learn the French language, which she spoke with great fluency—when, I say, she poured the wine into my glass, you will not be at all surprised, that, at the dessert, I called for a second bottle. Nevertheless, when I cast my eyes on the surrounding objects, I began to feel not quite at my ease. I had previously determined to conduct myself discreetly, and to set certain bounds to my desires. But I too soon found that the plan I had adopted—that of enjoying the sprightly Neufchatel wine from the neat well-turned hand of my pretty cellar-maid—was not the surest mode of guarding against the accidental commission of some inconsiderate act. I therefore looked around for some other object to divert my attention. I soon recollected the example of an eastern philosopher, who, to preserve himself from the snares of female beauty, was accustomed, whenever he happened to be alone with a handsome woman, to fly for refuge to his book. But *I* had *no* book, for I had brought none with me; nor was there one in the room.

The clock had already struck

* In the original, it is simply "*Lœwenwirth*" (Lion-host): on which expression we have the following remark in a note—"It is the custom among the country folk here to call the host by the name or sign of his house.—The sign of this house was the Lion."

eleven: all the guests were departed: the father and mother were gone to bed: a profound stillness reigned through the whole house: not a soul was stirring in it, except the stranger and the pretty cellar-girl.—'Twas a critical situation!—I had already called for the second bottle, before I adverted to all these circumstances, or began to make my reflexions on them.

I had scarcely considered for a few moments, when I hastily followed her down stairs. I overtook her at the cellar-door, just going for the bottle I had ordered. —"Harkye, my dear," said I.—She seemed somewhat alarmed at hearing my voice in so unexpected a place. She stopped at the door, holding in one hand a candle, and in the other a bunch of keys, and viewing me with a somewhat sly look.—"Before you proceed further," continued I, "I have to request of you something, which is to me of the highest importance."—She started.—"Have you any thing in the house that a person can read? and will you let me see it? I care not what it is:—for it is a custom with me, that I cannot drink the second bottle, unless I have something to read at the same time."—She smiled, with a certain expression of archness in her countenance, and replied, "Yes, I'll fetch you something to read." So saying, she opened the cellar-door, and went down the stairs. —I returned to my chamber, where, however, I did not feel myself quite at ease; her sly look having by no means contributed to restore me to calm sober tranquillity.

As the little witch softly approached my apartment, my expectation was wound up to the highest pitch. She placed her candle on a table which stood without near the door of the chamber, and entered the room with the bottle in one hand, and a roll of papers in the other. The archness of her look now appeared to me more significant than it had below at the time of our literary assignation. Whether this was the consequence of her reflexions on my sudden reading-fit, or of her private suspicion that my surprising her at the cellar-door was perhaps a mere manœuvre, a reconnoitring of the ground—I leave undetermined. Suffice it to say, that she set the wine on the table, handed me the roll of papers, which contained some sheets of manuscript—and, as she delivered it to me, said, "Here is something for you to read, if indeed you can read it. It is neither German, Italian, nor English. God alone knows what language it is."

I opened the bundle, and found some very illegibly written sheets of a German manuscript. The writing indeed bore a much stronger resemblance to the Shanscreet of Hindoostan, or the scrawl of conjurers, than to the German. German, however, it was.—"And where did you get this curiosity, my pretty maid?" said I.—"My father found it in this apartment, which was occupied for a night last spring by a learned gentleman from Germany, who probably left it behind him."—"And how do you know, my dear, that the gentleman in question was a learned man?"—"Oh! that could be easily discovered from his sour crabbed look, and the heaps of papers, books, spy-glasses, and other trumpery, that he lugged about with him. My father has taken a world of pains to find out the gentleman again, and return him his writings: but it was all in vain; he has never been able to trace him."—"Allow me then to try my skill in deciphering: perhaps, with the assistance of this interpreter" (pointing to the bottle), "I may be able to unravel the mean-

ing of these profound and learned manuscripts."

In uttering these words, I had my eye fixed on the manuscript; and I know not whether *I also* did not assume too learned a phiz: for the pretty cellar-maid viewed me with a certain expression of pity in her countenance, and told me she would not detain me a single moment from my agreeable occupation, but would leave me alone. I affected not to perceive the drift of these words—wished the chatty girl a good night; and thus, by the interposition of this musty manuscript, we parted as coolly and as drily as if we had been a pair of the deepest-read literati. At length, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I found myself quite *solo*: and now I attacked my manuscript. It is a fragment of a very important work, a *unique* in its kind, and whose title alone so captivated my fancy, that I could not lay it aside, till I had fairly transcribed the chief part of it. I here present you with a specimen of its contents—

On the Art of writing Tours through Switzerland:

A Fragment in Dialogue.

Speakers, Alp and Glacier.

Alp. You intend then to publish your observations on Switzerland?

Glacier. I should like to do it; and would the more chearfully undertake the task, if such a man as Dr. Alp would condescend to aid me with his advice and instructions.

A. That I am ready to do, and most willingly. It is a pleasure to me to help forward young authors; and it is impossible to conceive a richer and more copious theme for a writer, than our dear, charming, romantic Switzerland.

G. I perfectly agree with you.—The numerous mountains!.....

A. And the Alps!.....

G. And the excellent milk!.....

A. And the lakes and the waterfalls!.....

G. And the large trouts!.....

A. And the silver streams, and the glaciers!.....

G. And the fat oxen!.....

A. And the aged oaks, and the rustling thickets!.....

G. And the incomparable cheese!.....

A. And the fairy bowers, and the awe-inspiring caverns!.....

G. And the fresh butter!.....

A. And the prospects, which unite the wild beauties of the uncultivated desert with the charms of the animated creation! the labyrinths! the rugged paths! the fantastic wildness! the numerous objects which appear the works of art, though they are the original productions of nature! How sweetly does life here glide away, on the verdant banks of the murmuring brook, under the shade of the whispering foliage! He who, by his fair one's side, roams here by moon-light, or even by day-light, cannot refuse to credit the wonders of sensibility. In short, my dear sir, a finer subject for authors cannot possibly be found than Switzerland.—Besides, the writings of your predecessors lie open before you, as a free common, where you may cull at pleasure: you may borrow from them as liberally as you please — nay, you may even copy them verbatim—and no mortal will ever cry out *Shame!*

G. That is, no doubt, a material advantage: but what say the readers?

A. Nothing at all: and in this very circumstance lies the peculiar advantage which the subject in question possesses above every other. A very small number of the Tours through Switzerland are now read; and the few that are yet looked into, are as quickly forgotten as read.

Hence you may easily conceive that a writer feels himself here under no restraint, but may pilfer from his predecessors to his heart's content.

G. But the reviewers! .....

A. There is no class of books, of which they speak with greater indulgence, than those which treat of Switzerland. They have already bawled themselves hoarse in criticising the innumerable descriptions of this country: and, as they find it utterly impossible to effect any amelioration of the *ton* that prevails in those books—and perhaps conceive them to be of no importance, consequently incapable of doing any harm—the reviewers are too wise to waste their time on our productions. Besides, it is well known that we Switz-tourists constitute an independent republic of our own, as little subject to any regular laws, as the glaciers and the water-falls which we describe.

(*To be continued.*)

Irish Wretchedness.

In July, 1798, the entire side of a house, four stories high, in School-house-lane, fell from its foundation into an adjoining yard, where it destroyed an entire dairy of cows. I ascended the remaining ruin, through the usual approach of shattered stairs, stench and filth. The floors had all sunk on the side now unsupported, forming so many inclined planes; and I observed with astonishment, that the inhabitants, above twenty in number, who had escaped destruction by the circumstance of the wall falling outwards, had not deserted their apartments. I was informed that it had remained some months in this situation, and that the humane landlord claimed, and actually received for it, the usual rent.—*Whitelaw upon the Population of Dublin.*

Extracts

From Mr. Wewitzer's School for Wits.

In utrumque paratus.

Leo Allatius being asked by Pope Alexander VII. why he did not enter into orders, he answered, "Because I wish to have it in my power to marry, if I please."—"Then, (said his holiness) why don't you marry?" —"Because I wish to have it in my power, if I please, to enter into orders."

Orange Boven.

Boney the Dutchmen forced to war,
Against their inclination;
They rather had been trading far,
Their natural vocation.

But having got the upper hand,
Eager for restitution,
And for their *shops*, they well have plann'd
A *counter*-revolution.

A Lecture on Heads.

"To this night's masquerade, (quoth Dick)
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 'twould be a jolly trick
To go as *Charles the Second.*"

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
"You'd better go as *Charles the First*,
For that requires *no head*.

A Card Pun.

A butcher's boy running against a gentleman with his tray, made him exclaim, "*The deuce* take the *tray!*" —"Sir, (said the lad) the *deuce can't take the tray*."

Imprisonment for Debt.

Of old, the debtor, who insolvent died,
Egypt the rites of sepulture denied;
A different trade enlighten'd Christians drive,
And charitably bury him alive.

The Student.

My garden neat
Has got a seat,
That's hid from every eye, sir;
There, day and night,
I read and write,
And *no body's the wiser.*

The Ladies and Gentlemen of Madras.

(From Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.)

It is the fashion for all the gentlemen and ladies of Madras, to repair, in their gayest equipages, to the mount road, and after driving furiously along, they loiter round and round the Cenotaph for an hour, partly for exercise, and partly for the opportunity of flirting and displaying their fine clothes, after which they go home to meet again every day in the year. But the greatest lounge at Madras is during the visiting hours, from nine o'clock till eleven, when the young men go from house to house to retail the news, ask commissions to town for the ladies, bring a bauble that has been newly set, or one which the lady has obliquely hinted, at a shopping party the day before, she would willingly purchase, but that her husband does not like her to spend so much, and which she thus obtains from some young man, one quarter of whose monthly salary is probably sacrificed to his gallantry. When all the visitors who have any business are gone to their offices, another troop of idlers appear, still more frivolous than the former, and remains till *tiffin,* at two o'clock, when the real dinner is eaten, and wines and strong beer from England are freely drank. The ladies then retire, and for the most part undress, and lye down with a novel in their hands, over which they generally sleep. About five o'clock the master of the family returns from his office, the lady dresses herself for the mount road, returns, dresses, dines, and goes from table to bed, unless there be a ball, when she dresses again, and dances all night; and this, I assure you, is a fair, very fair account of the usual life of a Madras lady.

Authentic Account of the Death of Mungo Park.

(Extracted from the Journal of Isaaco who was sent to ascertain his fate.

Before the village of Boussa there is a rock stopping the whole breadth of the river, one part of the river (Jalliba) being very high; there is also a hole where the water can pass, but very narrow; the king's army went and took possession of the top of this rock. When Mungo Park attempted to pass, the people began to throw rocks and lances at them. Mungo Park defended himself for a long time; he had two slaves killed at the stern of his canoe, after defending themselves long; and being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and the current so strong, they began to throw over every thing they had in the boat. Mungo Park took hold of one of the white men, and they threw themselves into the water. Mastin, one of his companions, did the same to the other white man. The natives still persisted in throwing rocks and lances. The only man remaining in the canoe, a slave, then said to them, "There is nothing in the canoe but me, why are you so desperate; cease, and take me if you like;" which they did. They took the canoe and the man, and went back to the king.

Stradella, *the Musical Composer.*

Alessandro Stradella, an Italian, flourished about the middle of the 17th century. He was a fine singer, and an excellent performer on the harp. He taught these sciences at Venice, and had, among his pupils, a young lady of rank named Hortensia, who lived in a criminal intercourse with a Venetian nobleman. His frequent access to the lady produced a mutual affection, and they eloped. The circumstances are singular.

'On discovering the lady's flight, the Venetian had recourse to the usual methods of the country, in obtaining satisfaction for real or supposed injuries: he dispatched two assassins, with instructions to murder both Stradella and the lady, wherever they should be found; giving them a sum of money in hand, and making them a promise of a larger, if they succeeded in the attempt. Being arrived at Naples, they were informed that those, of whom they were in pursuit, were at Rome, where the lady passed as Stradella's wife. On this intelligence, they wrote to their employer, requesting letters of recommendation to the Venetian ambassador at Rome, in order to secure an asylum, to which they could fly as soon as the deed was perpetrated. Having received these letters, they made the best of their way to Rome. At their arrival they were informed, that, on the evening of the succeeding day, Stradella was to give an oratorio in the church of San Giovanni Laterano. They attended the performance; determining to follow the composer and his mistress out of the church, and, seizing a convenient opportunity, to make the fatal blow. The music soon afterwards commenced; but, so exquisitely pathetical was it in some parts, that, long before it was concluded, the suggestions of humanity had begun to operate upon them. They were seized with remorse; and reflected, with horror, on the thought of depriving a man of life, who could give to his auditors so much delight as they had felt. In short, they entirely desisted from their purpose; and determined, instead of taking away his life, to exert all their efforts to preserve it. They awaited his coming out of the church, and, after first thanking him for the pleasure they had received in hearing his music, informed him of the bloody errand on which they had been sent; expatiating on the irresistible charms which, of savages, had made them men, and had rendered it impossible for them to effect their purpose. They concluded, by earnestly advising, that he and the lady should depart immediately from Rome; promising they would forego the remainder of the reward, and would deceive their employer, by making him believe they had quitted that city on the morning of their arrival.

Such was the fascination of music! But it is melancholy to add (we curtail the sequel), that disappointment served only to sharpen the resentment of the Venetian, who had address to prevail with the lady's father to become an accomplice in his revenge, and to pursue the fugitives to Turin, where they were especially protected by the Duchess of Savoy, at that time regent. Stradella, however, was one evening attacked, and stabbed in the breast with a dagger, as he strolled on the ramparts. He recovered, and was married, in presence of the duchess, to the object of his tenderest affections; and a year having elapsed, their fears abated. They travelled to Genoa, whither their assassins, well instructed in their movements, followed; and the moment after their arrival, the villains rushed into their chamber, and stabbed each to the heart.

FRANCE *as it now is.*

(From Mr. Eustace's Letter from Paris.)

THE towns are, generally, well built, and far superior to our county towns in stateliness and solidity. Some exhibit magnificent monuments of the grandeur of ancient France.

So far the picture is pleasing; but its colors will lose much of their brilliancy when I inform you, that

the villages and towns are crowded with beggars, and that whenever you stop, your carriage is instantly surrounded with a groupe of objects the most miserable and disgusting. In a country where the poor and the distressed are abandoned to the charity of individuals, the number of mendicants must be greater than in one where public provision is made for the suffering class: *this* is true; yet the number, who in France fall under that denomination, seems to me far beyond the usual proportion, especially as idleness, in a country so well cultivated, can scarcely be the cause of such poverty; nor is it a mere pretence employed to extort donations, as the haggard looks, the nakedness, and oftentimes the ulcer and the deformities of the claimants too clearly prove its reality. In truth, there is great poverty in France; and however fertile the soil, a very small portion of its produce seems to fall to the lot of the common people.

But, besides this poverty, there is also a great appearance of depopulation. The signs of this depopulation, are the ruinous state of many, or rather most, of the towns. The bustle and activity of life seems confined to the market-place, and its immediate vicinity: the more remote streets, and the skirts of the towns, are scarcely, and the best very thinly, inhabited. Most of the large houses seem abandoned, and in a state of dilapidation; while the convents, the colleges, and other pious establishments, untenanted and in ruin, seem as if abandoned to the shades of their former possessors, and left to reproach the present, and to menace the future generation. The *chateaus* have in many places shared the fate of their contemporary abbies; and, like them, have been destroyed, or left to moulder in gradual decay. The villages, formerly enlivened by the presence of their lords, whether laymen or monks, and enriched by their expenditure, now pine in want and silence; the cottages are ill-repaired; the employment of the peasants is irregular, and consequently their maintenance is precarious. The conscription came to fill up the measure of their sufferings, and to complete the depopulation of the country; and when you are informed, that in the space of two years, one million five hundred thousand men were levied in France, or sent from her frontiers, you will not be surprised at her present depopulation.

You will naturally ask, how the country can be so well cultivated, if the population be so much diminished? The question is natural, but not difficult to answer. The farmers assure you that the operations of agriculture are carried on by old men, women, and children; and few, indeed, of any other description are to be seen, either in the fields, on the roads, or in public places. These exertions, premature in boys, and misplaced in women, must not only check the growth of the rising generation, but eventually degrade the sex, whose virtues are principally domestic, and whose charms shed their best influence around the fireside, and give to home all its attractions. Add to this evil another of equal magnitude; employment of children in their infancy, by calling them away from home, withdraws them from the control, and deprives them of the instructions and the example of all others the most important, because to them the infant owes the first ideas of decency, the first emotions of piety, the sentiments and the manners that raise the citizen above the savage, the Christian above the barbarian. To deprive

children, therefore, of this early tuition, and to let them loose unrestrained in the fields, is to abandon them to the innate corruption of their own hearts, and to fit them beforehand for guilt and profligacy. Accordingly, vice and ferocity seem imprinted on the countenances of many of the rising generation; and have effaced those features of joy and good humour, and that merry grimace, which was supposed to characterise even the infants of ancient France.

You are now probably prepared to hear without astonishment, that there are supposed to be at present twelve women to one effective man.

Wine prohibited *by* Mahomet.

The Turks, however, and even the Sultans often transgress this law of the prophet. Bajazet I. was a slave to his passion for wine. Under Soliman I. the propensity for this liquor became so general and violent, that he ordered those, who should drink it, to swallow melted lead, and fire to be set to all the vessels in the harbour of the capital, which were laden with wine. But his conduct was not imitated by his son Selym. He set an example of debauchery, and revoked the edict of Soliman against wine; and it came into general and public use. Mahomet III. renewed the prohibition; and Achmet I. caused all the taverns to be demolished, and the casks of wine to be broken throughout the whole extent of the empire. Amurat IV. refined on the system of his predecessors, and interdicted coffee, tobacco, and opium. He sentenced the delinquents to capital punishment. His successors preserved none of his edicts but that against wine; and, at present, the Turks of a certain rank make use of it with cautious reserve. This transgression is rare amongst the ulemas and the ministers of religion; but there is less hesitation amongst the dervishes, the soldiers, the sailors, and the people. These have also recourse to brandy; but they are strangers to punch, to cyder, and to beer. For these they find a substitute in opium.

Remains *of* Voltaire.

Pomenar, having a trial on account of counterfeit money, paid the fees of the court with some of it.

Ideas are like beards: children have none: we acquire them as we advance in life.

Vespucius, in his letter to Barbo, relates that a Brasilian asked him if the Europeans boiled or roasted the enemies they vanquished.—"What! Do not you eat them? Impossible!"

A man in China being condemned to have his hands cut off, his daughter presented her's, saying, "These hands belong to my father, and can better be spared than his, which support our family."

Why do we dream most when we have eaten too much? Is it that ideas are the punishment of intemperance?

A man, who believed he had conquered his passions, said: "I am the master of your masters."

The war of the abbé de St. Gal is a jest in comparison of our wars; and ours are no more, compared to those of Zingis and Tamerlane. All revolutions turn pale before the conquest of the New World. Even that is the adventure of a tribe of ants on a mole-hill compared with the globes of Saturn and Sirius, which are themselves a point only in the space of the universe.

M. de Turenne, speaking of Bussi to the king, observed, "He is the first officer in your army for a ballad."

POETRY.

INVOCATIONS, *serious and comic.*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

The LOVER'S INVOCATION *to the* MOON.

BRIGHT orb! Thy mildly-lustrous light
To lovers' eyes was ever dear,
Thus brightly beaming through the night
Dispensing joy, dispelling fear.

Oft art thou witness to the vows,
Breath'd from some lover's beating heart;
Thy light illumes his fair-one's brows,
Where sorrow sits, if they must part.

When distance spreads between the pair,
To look on thee, at some fix'd hour,
Is dear employ; it softens care,
And adds to fond affection's pow'r.

Each finds a sweet delight to know
That to thy form the other's eyes
Are turn'd, with all love's gentle glow,
And silent rapture, through the skies.

Crotona's sage had once the pow'r,
Across thy beauteous disk to spread
His written thoughts in lonely hour,
By distant beings to be read!

Had I this art, my hand should now
Love's language o'er thine orbit trace,
Entrust each fond and faithful vow
For thee to waft through widest space.

Thus should I say to her, whose eye
Would strain on thee with anxious gaze,
Whose breast would heave the tender sigh,
Whose heart would throb with fond amaze.

" Dear one! To love it now is giv'n,
To waft its breathings through the skies;
Purer they come, thus nearer heav'n,
To sooth thy soul, and check thy sighs.

" Though far from thee, my frequent thought
Restores the moments as they flew,
When each with tender love was fraught,
And not more tender than 'twas true.

" When thou wert with me, joy was mine,
For, oh, my fair, thou'rt all to me!
Then too, I deem'd, that joy was thine,
For I am dear, I trust, to thee.

" Oft too I think, when music's charm
May win thee by each gentle tone,
And thou shalt raise thy lovely arm
To make the softest themes thine own;

" That thou wilt rather chuse the strains
Dear to us both, and often tried;
Those songs where love or woe complains,
Or those sweet notes, bright music's pride—

" Whose soothing tones, I've often said,
Might waft a parting soul to peace,
Might calm the fearful being's dread,
Or bid the angry passions cease.

" Nor only music will revive
The moments we have pass'd in joy,
A thousand thoughts will bid them live,
And be thy bosom's best employ.

" The soft embrace, the smother'd sigh,
The mingled kiss of mutual love,
The looks that glanc'd from eye to eye,
Shall mem'ry's sweetest solace prove.

" To me, remember'd joys, like these,
Are ever present, ever dear;
They give my soul its only ease:
But, dear one, still thou art not near!

" A little while, and I shall press
That ruby lip again to mine;
Again thy sweetest smile shall bless,
And bid my heart no more repine.

" Till then believe, whene'er I pray,
My pray'r shall still be form'd for thee;
And if a sigh should force its way,
Thine will the soft intruder be.

" Farewell!—May Luna's modest light
Pour on thy couch in gentle beams,
And watch thy slumbers through the night,
While love inspires thy tender dreams."

LINES *on a* ROSE,

Found in an Alcove.

" *Flos juventutis quàm citissime perit!*"

'TWAS eve.—As Cynthia wander'd through the sphere,
Shed her pale beam, retirement's conscious boon,
Eliza call'd, wet with the dewy tear,
A Rose, nurs'd in the lovely lap of June.
Her gentle bosom bore the fragrant flow'r,
Soft glowing emblem of her youthful cheek,
Till midnight warn'd to quit e'en Love's soft bow'r,
And on the couch refreshing slumbers seek.

Soon as bright Phœbus sipp'd the pearly dew,
Eliza sought the bower no envy knew,
There lay the Rose last eve that breath'd so sweet,
She found it drooping on the sylvan seat.
While on her hand its flagging beauty hung,
Its dying fragrance this soft requiem sung:
"Though on thy cheek the softest vermil glow,
"And smiling summers long roll o'er thy head,
"Though winter's adverse storm should never blow,
"Yet, fairest, let each beauteous flow'r persuade,
"THAT BRIGHTEST ROSES ONLY BLOOM TO FADE." H.

The TEARS *of Old* NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A PLEASING bard, some fifty years ago,
Describ'd in song the grief of Old *May* Day,
When a young rival came to claim her rights,
Her flow'ry garlands, and her rural sports.
Though more than half a cent'ry has elaps'd
Since I was thus maltreated, yet not one
Of all the songful tribe has swept his lyre
To soothe my cares, and sing my griefs away.
Why was I first deserted—why condemn'd
To weep my fate with unavailing tears?
What charms superior could my rival boast?
Were her white snows more pure, or did her breath
Form fairer mimic landscapes on the glass;
Hang with more polish'd spars the cottage eaves;
Or bind the falling stream in more fantastic chains?
What though my frost oft bind majestic Thames,
And stay the tide of commerce—then—ev'n then
Gay frolic youth upon its surface sport.
Lo, the blithe skaiter urge his fleet career,
Swift as a rein deer speeds his rapid course
O'er the white wastes of Lapland.
In the good days of yore, ere laws malign
Wrought me foul wrong—ah, then, both old and young
Hail'd my return, and carol'd forth my praise!
The festive joy was general—ev'ry vale,
Though rob'd in snow, or crisp'd by frost's keen breath,
Resounded with the notes of rural mirth.
Then from the humble cot sweet music breath'd
In tuneful measures to the mazy dance:
Suspended in the midst the misletoe,
(That mystic symbol by the druid priz'd).
Show'd its white berries, while the jocund swain
Beneath this magic emblem took his lass,
Who, "nothing loth," receiv'd the kind salute.
There too the war-song and the love-fraught strain,
With cheap-bought rapture charm'd the rustic heart;
And while the nut-brown bev'rage circled round,
The merry tale, and frequent jest was heard
Till peals of laughter shook the straw-bound roof,
And waken'd echo in her frost-bound cave.
Then, too, within the venerable hall,
Where Hospitality was wont to show
His honest front, and cheer the happy scene,
There blaz'd the wood-fire, and illum'd the dome:
The monarch of the grove, the kingly oak
With his shorn honors well supplied the flame.
Then groan'd, with viands heap'd, the oaken board,
While potent ale rejoic'd a happy groupe
Of honest tenantry—nor were the poor
The boon-deserving, grateful poor forgot.
What though the great, the senatorial great
Conspir'd to rob me of my place and name,
Yet still each hind reveres me, and affirms
That iron times have follow'd the decree,
Which banish'd me for ever from those scenes
Where many a cent'ry I reign'd in peace.
Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

SONNET,

Imitated from the Italian of P. Salandri,

By Mr. MONTGOMERY.

To a BRIDE.

THE more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady, of Love's inconstancy beware;
Watch o'er thy charms, and, with an angel's care
Oh guard thy maiden purity of heart.

At every whisper of temptation start.
The lightest breathings of unhallowed air
Love's tender trembling lustre will impair,
Till all the light of innocence depart.
Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill,
If here a plant, and there a flow'r, in play
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,
It ebbs and languishes, and dies away.

HARMATTAN *and his* DAUGHTER.

(*From Huish's Peruvians.*)

ON th' eastern side, by aged trees obscur'd,
Near which a fountain bubbled from a rock,
And in a placid stream the vale travers'd,
The sage Harmattan pass'd his tranquil days.
A seer he was, of manners mild and pure,
In virtue practis'd, and to vice a foe;
His stores were open to the wand'ring poor,
And twice the wretch a secret joy receiv'd,
For twice he bless'd—the manner—and the gift.
His was the bliss to cheer the broken heart,
His was the pride to see his people glad;
No partial joys his aged bosom cheer'd,
No selfish views beneath his actions lurk'd;
The frown forbidding, and the angry look,
The keen invective, and the sharp reply,
The proud demeanour, and the distant air,
Which check the show of confidence and trust,
Were never witness'd in the hoary sage.
E'en he, who oft from virtue's paths had stray'd,
Ne'er shun'd his haunts; although he met reproof,
He knew forgiveness would await him too.
Old age, by youth, is oft rever'd and lov'd,
When, with deportment mild, and lib'ral deeds,
It smooths the wrinkles of a face austere:
But age is shun'd, and with contempt is view'd,
When, all the follies of its youth o'erlook'd,
It loves to censure; not for virtue's sake,
But, to exert a peevish love of rule.
Though old, the chief was kind, his heart was good,
And much he lov'd, and priz'd each erring youth,
Who once had bent beneath the sway of vice,
But soon return'd to virtue's hallowed paths;
He knew that frailty is the lot of man,
And oft in charity would freely own,
That they, who would be censors of their race,
Should oft recal their errors to their view,
And look with mildness on another's fault.
The gen'rous heart, to its own faults alive,
Needs not th' infliction of another's tongue;
It spurns, with noble pride, the harsh reproof,
And boldly asks, whence is that power deriv'd,
Which man assumes, to lash with censure's thong,
P'rhaps one less faulty than his upstart self.
Around the dwelling of the aged chief,
Nor want, nor hunger, with their train were known,
Fell mis'ry ne'er expos'd its blighted form,
Nor dull complaint its endless murmurs rais'd;
All care was banish'd from his social board,
And mirth and smiles adorn'd the stranger's face.
His breast was cover'd with his silver beard,
His brow was cinctur'd with the snows of age,
As one, by heav'n ordain'd to preach to man,
The sacred mandate of eternal love.
He 'mongst his people shone. His word was law,
And when he spoke, his patient hearers each
In mute attention stood, with eager ear
To catch the council of the rev'rend sage,
Or hear the doctrines of a mind enlarg'd.
The bold he curb'd, but cheer'd the modest heart,
And ne'er refus'd the meed to merit due.

At sober eve, oft by the river's side,
Or where the spring shot from the crevic'd rock,
And thence in rills pellucid gently flow'd,
In soothing murmurs, down the rugged steep,
He call'd his children to assemble round,

To lead their infant minds to useful themes,
T'explore the hidden mystery of things,
And trace creation to its source divine,
'Twas his delight to view the heavenly orbs
In ceaseless course perform their mystic rounds,
And though his country in the chain was bound
By superstition, and by ignorance forg'd,
He, in the view sublime, a power confess'd
One God—the Sun—the origin of all.
And who is he, whose proud conceited mind,
Fill'd with the foolish pride of wisdom's lore,
Vaunting of knowledge which is not his own,
The work of sages, in the lapse of years,
Will on the heathen cast a keen reproach,
And call on heaven to aid him in his cause?
More is the heathen to be priz'd and lov'd,
Though poor in science, and estrang'd from art,
Yet owns a God of goodness and of love,
Than the proud son of an enlighten'd age,
Who having proofs, strong, and of Holy Writ,
Will still deny this universal frame
To be a work divine. O'er all the earth,
The spiral blade, the lofty mountains' mass,
The tranquil rill, and ocean's boundless waves,
Alike proclaim a hand omnipotent;
In ev'ry form, the sage a God beholds,
And bending low, his power supreme adores.

In ev'ry charm of beauty and of youth,
By her fond father's side Galmory bloom'd,
Like the young rose just bursting into life,
Its lovely tint sweet stealing on the sight,
Its beauties half in modesty conceal'd;
So shone Galmory in her native charms.
She stood, confess'd by all, the fairest work,
E'er fram'd by nature in a lavish mood.
Her soul, the seat of ev'ry moral worth,
Beam'd in the sparkling lustre of her eye,
And told of virtue, pure and unalloy'd.
As in a night of spring, the moon's full orb,
Its chaste rays darting from a heaven serene,
So shone th' expression of Galmory's look;
No tear of sorrow yet had stain'd her cheek,
But for the suff'rings which were not her own;
Prompt at the call of mis'ry or of want,
Her feeling heart its sympathy bestow'd,
And where she could not help, she gave a tear.
Her cheeks, full flush'd with health's sweet roseate dye,
With smiles were dimpled, which the angels wear,
When virtue conquers o'er the syren vice;
Or when the sinner of his guilt repents,
Ere to the judgment of his God he's call'd.
Her auburn locks, in ringlets loose and wild,
Adown her shoulders flowed in wanton play,
And oft conceal'd her bosom's gentle swell,
Where wand'ring loves might nestle with delight,
And whiter than the snow from heaven new fall'n,
On mountain's summit nearest to the sun.
Beneath the vestment light it proudly heav'd,
And to the stolen glance of am'rous youth
Its sweet existence shew'd—but not itself.
No sigh of love had yet its peace destroy'd,
Nor anxious longing hope its flutt'ring rais'd.
The hov'ring spirit of her morning dreams
Alone its motion saw, when o'er her mind
Visions of bliss in bright succession danc'd,
And scenes pourtray'd—the maiden's fondest hope.

Thus shone the lovely girl, now sixteen years
Had to her beauty giv'n the purest tints;
O'er all her motions shone an artless grace,
And nature own'd her as its fav'rite child.

Address to the Emperor Alexander.

By Mrs Cockle.

Ah, great in arms—in virtues more than great,
The glorious monarch of a glorious state!
Greater than him, the kindred name who bore,
Wept over conquer'd realms, and sigh'd for more;
Like *his* we see *thy* victors' flag unfurl'd,
Yet not, like his, to awe a vanquish'd world.

In ev'ry clime its *guiding* banners wave,
Inscrib'd with Heav'n's own words—"We come to SAVE:
"To guard, not conquer—succour and defend—
"To tyrants hostile—to th' oppress'd a friend:
"To bid the groans of bleeding Europe cease,
"And hush a nation's sorrows into peace."

Magnanimous as brave, and brave as just;
The monarch's safeguard, and the people's trust—
A nation's pride—a kingdom's noblest boast,
And in thy *virtues*, as thy *name*, a host!

In distant ages, resting on his spear,
Pausing, thy tale of glorious deeds to hear,
Some brave Cossack (barbarian now no more)
From Dnieper's wave, or Don's remoter shore,
Shall bid his children's children, lisping, try
To catch thy name, and speak it, ere he die.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Morning Walking Dress—A round robe of white muslin, made high on the neck, with scoloped flounce of lace at the feet and wrists; the sleeves long and full.—Pelisse of brown-colored French cloth, made high on the neck, with collar of seal fur, made a short walking length, with broad full long sleeves, and puckered trimming of satin ribbon the color of the pelisse.—A high French bonnet of black velvet, made high on the crown, and narrow in the poke, with a black ostrich feather in front, to tie under the chin with a small variegated French handkerchief.—Hair in full curls on the sides of the forehead—with a small cap of thread-lace in front.—Half-boots to correspond in color with the dress.—Gloves of York tan.

Morning Half-Dress.—A gown of light green, dove, or light fawn-colored figured silk, made high on the neck, with frill plaiting in front of the bosom; the skirt made short, the sleeves full, trimmed with black or colored velvet.—Head-dress, a small cap of French lace, with a cluster of flowers on one side—the hair in full curls in front, and turned up behind.—Shoes of black kid.—Gloves of French kid.

Evening Dress.—Silk robes of variegated colors are generally worn, made short, with broad festoon embroidery of variegated flowers round the feet—the bodice formed of lace or white satin, made low on the bosom and shoulders, with a festoon trimming of scoloped lace—the sleeves composed of lace festooned with seed pearls.—The hair in thin ringlets round the front, turned up behind in a small knot, encircled with flowers, with a small cluster on one side.—Necklace of brilliants. — Ear-rings and bracelets *en suite.*—Gloves of white French kid, made long.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—An occasional scarf of French silk.

General Observations.—Morning Walking Dresses are of white muslin, or colored silk, made short, with full long sleeves; the neck made high—over which, pelisses of various colored French cloth—brown, green, and olive, are the most prevailing colors. — Mantles and cloaks are much worn over the silk dresses.—Bonnets of colored velvet, with high crowns, are in great request—flowers or feathers are universal appendages to this order.—Shawls and scarfs of various colors, of French manufactory, are much worn.—Half-boots to correspond are general.—Gloves of colored kid.

Evening Dresses are of lace and variegated colored silk Italian crapes over white satin slips—the most prevailing colors are shot silk of variegated colors, generally figured, made very short in the skirt, low on the bosom and shoulders, with short sleeves, festooned with pearls or brilliants. Trimmings of ribbon or lace, very broad, and thick colored flowers in embroidery, are very universal. The hair is in full thin curls on the forehead and sides, to turn up in a small knot behind, ornamented with flowers, with a sprig of brilliants or flowers in front.—Brilliants are the most prevailing ornaments in jewellery for the evening dress.—Scarfs and shawls with broad variegated borders are much worn.—Slippers of white satin.—Gloves of French kid.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

King's Theatre.

The *Corps de Ballet* this season promises to be complete. Messrs. Vestris, Baptiste and Leon, Mesdames Marinette, Del Caro, daughter of the celebrated Bosse del Caro, Leon, and Marcin, all from the Opera of Paris. Mademoiselle Bigottini, it is supposed, will come from Vienna after the Congress has broken up. The male singers are, Gini, a tenor, Le Compte, a tenor, and Le Vesseur, a bass; both the last are Frenchmen. Madame Colbrun, a Spanish lady, but of the Italian school, is a serious singer from the Opera at Naples. Madame Pinotti is the first buffa caricata. The voices of both these ladies are contraltas. M. Ciceri, the principal scene painter at the Paris Opera, is arrived to prepare the decorations. He is the son-in-law of the celebrated Isabey. The painting is now going on with great speed, and the fronts of the boxes will have a perfectly new aspect; but it is not true, as stated by a morning paper, that the form is to be altered. It certainly could not be improved. We lament to hear that Tramezzani and Naldi are not engaged, and that Weichsell does not lead the orchestra.

M. Vestris, the father, who was the unparalleled dancer at the opera several years ago, is arrived in town, and makes his re-appearance at the King's Theatre on its opening. Several of the principal dancers, male and female, have also arrived, and the rehearsals have commenced. The subjects are almost all new.

Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

Nov. 22, Belle's Stratagem, Jean de Paris.
23, Castle of Andalusia, Midnight Hour.
24, Macbeth, Jean de Paris.
25, Belle's Stratagem, Woodman's Hut.
26, Macbeth, Jean de Paris.
28, Richard III. Jean de Paris.
29, Hypocrite, Ninth Statue *(first time)*.
30, Devil's Bridge, *ibid.*
Dec. 1, Macbeth, *ibid.*
2, All in the Wrong, *ibid.*
3, Macbeth, *ibid.*
5, Richard III. *ibid.*
Dec. 6, Rule a Wife and have a Wife, Ninth Statue.
7, Fontainbleau, *ibid.*
8, Macbeth, *ibid.*
9, School for Scandal, *ibid.*
10, Macbeth, *ibid.*
12, Richard III. *ibid.*
13, Devil's Bridge, *ibid.*
14, Merchant of Venice, *ibid.*
15, Macbeth, *ibid.*
16, Belle's Stratagem, *ibid.*
17, Othello, *ibid.*
19, Richard III. *ibid.*
20, Cure for the Heart Ache, *ibid.*

Remarks.

On the 22d Nov. the comedy of *The Belle's Stratagem* was performed for the purpose of displaying the talents of Miss Walstein in comedy. Mrs. Cowley wrote this piece expressly to exhibit the elegant Miss Young (afterwards Mrs. Pope) in the character of Letitia Hardy. The combination of qualities requisite to the successful performance of this part has ever made it a favorite with ladies who aspired to the first rank in comedy, and it certainly affords a fine occasion for an actress of merit to fascinate the town. Miss Walstein, we understand, has ever maintained a high reputation with the Dublin audience in the performance of this character. Her person, as we have stated, is finely formed, and it was not cased up this night in the *Gibbon*'s stiff stays. The expression of her features is quick and animated, and we did not feel in her voice the same monotonous drawl upon which we had occasion, with regret, to animadvert on her first appearance. But, with all the qualities of person, face and voice, for the personification of Letitia Hardy, there wanted the graceful research, the tasteful ease, the chaste playfulness that the mind conceives to be inherent in this character. Even in the hoyden we should recognise the lady; and the woman of fashion should have no tincture of the coquet. The gaiety of the masquerade scene should have the *detenue* of polished life; and the girlish tramontane of the forward Miss should be shaded with a touch of delicacy above the vulgar. The exquisite air of fashion with which this character has been heretofore delineated on the London stage, has fixed on the memory such an image as cannot be effaced; and we must say that Miss Walstein did not come up to our ideas of the portrait. Every variety of the part was

overstrained. The hoyden was too hoydenish—and the captivations of the woman of spirit were lowered by the incessant endeavour to be captivating. The play of the head and arms was too constant for a highly-bred woman—and partook more of the provinces than of the court.

On the 29th Nov. a Melodramatic Romance was exhibited, entitled *The Ninth Statue; or the Irishman in Bagdad.* Mr. Johnson's bulls are genuine, and he was extremely successful. Miss Kelly was, as she always is, most lively and spirited; and Mr. Wallack, both in the delivery of the text and action of the dumb-shew, was chaste and impressive.

The piece was given out for repetition with bursts of approbation.

Mr. Kean's Richard, Macbeth, Othello, and Shylock, continues to be objects of undiminished attraction and applause.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Nov.	22,	Coriolanus, Miller and his Men.
	23,	Venice Preserved, Rosina.
	24,	K. Henry VIII. Forest of Bondy.
	25,	Isabella, Agreeable Surprise.
	26,	Maid of the Mill, Timour the Tartar.
	28,	Isabella, *ibid.*
	29,	Richard III. Forest of Bondy.
	30,	Venice Preserved, Rosina.
Dec.	1,	Julius Cæsar, Miller and his Men.
	2,	Love in a Village, Timour the Tartar.
	3,	Artaxerxes, Child of Nature, Timour the Tartar.
	5,	Romeo and Juliet, Blue Beard.
	6,	Mountaineers, King and the Duke (*first time*).
	7,	Venice Preserved, *ibid.*
	8,	King John, *ibid.*
	9,	Isabella, *ibid.*
	10,	John of Paris, King and the Duke, Aladdin.
	12,	Venice Preserved, Timour the Tartar.
	13,	Julius Cæsar, King and the Duke,
	14,	Gamester, *ibid.*
	15,	Coriolanus. Forest of Bondy.
	16,	Isabella, King and the Duke.
	17,	John of Paris, King and the Duke, Aladdin.
	19,	Romeo and Juliet, Timour the Tartar.
	20,	Macbeth. King and the Duke.

REMARKS.

On the 29th Nov. Mr. Kemble appeared in the character of King Richard III. His merit is so thoroughly established that it is not necessary for us to enter into an examination of its parts. Although this character is not peculiarly fitted for the display of the elevated expression of Mr. Kemble's countenance, and his majestic person; nor even to awaken the charm, which is associated with the tremulous but impressive sadness of his voice, he went through it without any diminution of his well-earned dramatic reputation. In the lofty confidence, which forms a most important part of the character of Richard, he was most happy; in the remorse, which at times invades the tyrant, it is needless to say he could not be exceeded. But if Mr. Kemble's powers or habits had enabled him to have represented Richard more malicious and more joyous in his malice, better satisfied with his own actions, and less satisfied with his own person, he would have approached nearer to the idea, which every one, who has read Shakespeare, must have formed of the crook-backed tyrant. The brief admonitions, with which he dispatches Lord Stanley for his power, were admirable. The tent scene was an excellent piece of acting; but he seemed to continue too long under the preternatural influence. In the two last scenes he was entirely successful—he looked comfort to the soldier, and terror to the foe;—he fell with dignity, and died with bitterness of heart.

On the 6th inst. after the play of The Mountaineers, in which Octavian was admirably performed by Mr. Kemble, a new Farce was produced, entitled *The King and the Duke, or Which is Which?* The incidents arise from the disguise assumed by a King of Poland, at the house of a Polish noble, with whose daughter he is in love. His Majesty is induced, by learning that a duke is his rival, whom the lady's father has never seen, to assume his rival's title, and on the latter, in the mean time, coming to the house, they agree to exchange characters. This perplexes the father, who is anxious that his daughter should be wedded to the highest in rank; and it is only discovered which is which when the lady has made her choice (the rivals agreeing to submit to her decision) of the supposed duke, to the great mortification of her father, but who is overjoyed on finding that she has in reality consented to the addresses of the king.

This farce is a free translation of a French piece, and is a light and pleasing trifle, well managed and well adapted. The bustle is kept up with great spirit, and it was admirably supported by the different actors. Without any high pretensions, it is well calculated to amuse, and it was received by a numerous audience with nearly unanimous applause. It was given out for repetition amidst the same testimonies of approbation, and it will, there is little doubt, become a favorite with the public.

On the 14th inst. a most crowded audience assembled at this theatre to witness the representation of The Gamester. The character of Mrs. Beverley was, for the first time, performed by Miss O'Neill, and in a manner that we have no doubt will insure its frequent repetition. The talents, already displayed by this lady, naturally led to the expectation that Mrs. Beverley would meet in her with an able and effective representative, and in no respect was that expectation disappointed. This, indeed, is by no means adequate praise. The character, with all its difficulties, was supported throughout with a conception, a feeling, and a pathos that rivetted the attention of the audience, and repeatedly drew from them the loudest applause. Miss O'Neill entered completely into the spirit of it, and acted up to every idea that can be formed of it by the most judicious critics. In one or two instances she might be thought to fail in energy, but in all the pathetic part of the character, in all of it that interests or affects, the feelings of the audience were entirely with her, and gave a testimony not to be mistaken of her excellence as an actress. Her scene with Stukely, where he endeavours to seduce her affections, was admirably managed, nor could there be a better test of her talents than the manner, in which she repelled his advances and his calumnies upon her absent husband. In the concluding scene she was equally great, nor could any thing be more in nature than the hysteric laugh, with which she quitted the stage. As a whole, this performance undoubtedly greatly adds to the already deservedly high reputation of Miss O'Neill, and the loud and universal applause, at its close, testified those feelings on the part of the audience which had been still more unequivocally evinced in the course of it by emotions, the excitement of which afforded the best proof of the powers, the judgment and the discrimination of the actress. It was, in truth, a display which at once deeply interested the heart, and satisfied the judgment.—Young's Beverley was a very fine performance, marked by true feeling and a discriminating judgment, varying the passion, as the scene required, with admirable skill. Of Terry's Stukely we cannot speak so favorably. He appeared either to have misconceived the character, or to be deficient in the powers requisite to give it adequate effect. Certainly the impression was not that which this character, well acted, is capable of making. We never witnessed a more crowded or brilliant audience.

BOOKS *recently published.*

Caulfield's Gallery of British Portraits, parts 1 and 2, 4to. 15*s*.

Labaume's Campaign in Russia, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Beaujour's Sketch of the United States, 8vo. 16*s*.

Walton's Exposè on America, 8vo. 12*s*.

Goldsmith's Decrets de Bonaparte, 6 vols. 8vo. 7*l*. 7*s*.

Description of Switzerland, by an English Lady, 2 vols. 8vo. 3*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

Mrs. Roche's Anna, or Edinburgh, 2 vols. 12mo. 10*s*.

Charlemagne, ou l' Eglise delivrée, par Lucien Bonaparte, 2 vols. 4to. 4*l*. 4*s*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Work, called The Governess's Musical Assistant, chiefly intended for the use of Governesses teaching or superintending young Persons on the Piano Forte, will shortly be published by Joseph Coggins.

Archdeacon Coxe has in the press, Memoirs of the Great Duke of Marlborough, chiefly compiled from the papers and correspondence preserved at Blenheim.

Mr. James Hogg has a new poem nearly ready to appear, entitled The Pilgrims of the Sun.

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CHRONICLE.

State of the King's Health.—Yesterday the public Monthly Report of the Physicians attending his Majesty, was exhibited at St. James's Palace, Lord St. Helens and Admiral Legge attending as the Lord and Groom of the Bedchamber. It is as follows: "*Windsor Castle, Dec* 3.

"His Majesty has been uniformly composed through the last month, but without any alteration in the state of his disorder."

(*Signed as usual.*)

Naples, Nov. 10.—The King went yester to meet the Princess of Wales, and these illustrious personages entered the city about five in the afternoon, in the King's carriage, amidst loud acclamations. A Guard of Honor from the Royal Guard was stationed at her Royal Highness's residence. It is thought she will make a long stay there. An elegant brig has been manned and armed, and called the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness when at Rome, according to the French papers, made large purchases of statues and pictures. Her Royal Highness was visited by the Ex-King and Queen of Spain and the Queen of Etruria. On the 2d ult. she had an audience of the Pope, who received her with the greatest affability, and with all the respect due to her rank. The same day Her Royal Highness visited the Vatican, the workshop of Canova, the sculptor, and the Prince of Canino.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland are expected in England in about a month. Horses are purchasing for their Royal Highnesses, and other preparations are making for them, and his Royal Highness's house at Kew is also preparing for their reception.

Assize of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *November* 30, twelve pence farthing —*December* 7, twelve pence halfpenny— *Dec.* 14, Eleven pence three farthings— *Dec.* 21, the same.

The Princess Charlotte of Wales is arrived from Weymouth, at Cranbourn Lodge, and appears to be in excellent health.

The eyes of the whole political world are turned towards Vienna and Ghent. At the first of these places a Congress is assembled, under the auspices of the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia, for the purpose of arranging the general affairs of Europe upon terms, that shall promise the durable tranquillity of all nations. Difficulties have arisen, which protract the duration of this momentous meeting. On the part of this country it is attended by Viscount Castlereagh, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

At Ghent, Commissioners from our Court, and the Government of America, have, for some time, been engaged in negociations, and sanguine hopes are entertained that a speedy peace will be the result.

If we may believe persons, who arrive from Milan, the two great personages, whom the gazettes described lately as having been upon the point of fighting at Vienna, were Prince Constantine and Eugene Beauharnois. They were dining together, according to the account, at the table of a great Lord, where they were discoursing of the events of the last campaign. Prince Constantine spoke with great warmth against Bonaparte, whose military talents even he much depreciated. Beauharnois was indignant at this, and addressing himself to the Prince, said, that he should not, in his presence, speak with contempt of his adopted father, and the less so, because he (Prince Constantine) would never be able to conceive even a single plan of so many military operations as Napoleon had executed. Beauharnois concluded with saying, that he was always ready to answer with his sword whatever he said. Prince Constantine accepted the challenge, and next day they met at an appointed *rendezvous* to fight. But the duel did not take place, in consequence of the interposition of some Generals who were present. The same persons from Milan say, likewise, that the second of Beauharnois was Prince Charles.

A circumstance occurred a few days since, near Shrewsbury, which, even in a nation of heroes, must be deemed as novel as it was interesting. Sir John Hill was seen fox-hunting with six of his sons, four of whom, besides the distinguished chief who recently added dignity to the Peerage, have received titles for their gallant achievements in the service of their country.

A great difference of opinion exists in the county of Norfolk relative to the site for Lord Nelson's Monument; Mr. Coke and his friends are very strenuous for the sea coast, the other party prefer the interior. The matter is to be decided by a committee of fifty subscribers.

The following horrid deed was lately perpetrated at Wyberton, near Boston:—John Addy, aged 22, having paid his addresses to the daughter of a Mr. Bacon, in whose house he boarded, and not finding his attention encouraged, went into the parlour where Miss B. was standing, and placed himself beside her; shortly after, he stepped behind her, drew out a razor, and cut her throat; he then cut his own, and rushed out of the house into a cottage opposite, where he laid himself down, and bled profusely. Surgical assistance was procured from Boston, and the wound is not in either case expected to prove mortal.

Mary Ann Jenkinson was lately committed to Appleby gaol, for stealing six heifers, the property of Mr. J. Simpson, of Nabb, in Rydail, Westmoreland. The prisoner was on her road from Whitehaven; she found the cattle grazing near Grassmere, and drove them to Kendal (upwards of sixteen miles), where she sold them. She is a young woman, a native of the neighbourhood of Longtown.

Leghorn, Oct. 23.—We have received the following authentic accounts respecting Napoleon, the Sovereign of Elba:—He has adopted a very economical system of domestic administration; reduced his household expences; dismissed some of his servants, with presents and pensions; and to his chamberlains and noblemen, who surround him, he has diminished the emoluments of their various situations. He is, however, much beloved by the inhabitants in general, enjoys the best health, and seems of late more gay and cheerful than ever. It is remarked that he has nearly dismantled Porto Longone, and greatly strengthened Porto Ferrajo, the capital, and his actual residence.—The Deys of Tunis, Algiers, Barca, Tripoli, &c. have acknowledged and declared his flag free, without being subject to any tribute whatever. He does not, however, approve of their piratical principles. An instance of this we have recently had in our harbour, whither an Algerine had repaired to watch the sailing of two merchant vessels, one a Genoese, the other belonging to the Pontifical dominions. Bonaparte, aware of the Algerine's intention, ordered the guns of our sea-batteries to be levelled at his sciabec, and to fire upon her, if she attempted to stir before the expiration of two days after the departure of the two merchant vessels from Porto Ferrajo. What this may produce is not yet known.

A gentleman, who left Paris within this fortnight, was told by his banker, that the daily issue of money which he made to the English in Paris, was 10,000*l.* If this was continued for one year, it would amount to 3,650,000*l.* drawn from this country—to say nothing of the sums spent by the English at Brussels and other parts of the continent.

An event has lately happened here, says a Paris paper, in a public walk, which has made a great sensation, but would have appeared a very simple matter in London, to the inabitants of St. James's Park. Two gambiers, reduced to despair, appointed to meet at nine o'clock at night to blow out each other's brains. One was punctual, and having waited in vain an hour for his companion, he executed the fatal resolution himself. The other gambler, after having again tried his fortune, but without success, during the night, blew his brains out next morning with a pistol.

On Thursday the 8th of Dec. about one in the morning, the extensive cotton mills of Messrs. Turner and Co. at Llangollen, Denbighshire, were totally destroyed by fire. The romantic situation of the building, and the vast column of flame, which "shook its red shadow o'er the startled" Dee, illuminating the castellated mountain and the valley, formed a picture terribly sublime. We are not informed of the extent of the calamity, or its cause.

On Friday se'nnight, a middle-aged woman, named Sarah Taylor, applied for relief at the churchwarden's office, Manchester, and on being questioned as to her situation and former life, it appeared, that when a girl, she was in the habit of wearing boy's clothes, in which dress she served her father, a bricklayer, as a labourer; and when about fourteen years old, enlisted into the 15th dragoons, in which she attained the ranks of corporal and serjeant, for twenty-one years; her sex all the time remaining a secret. She was afterwards transferred to the 37th foot, then in St. Vincent's. In the year 1800, being seized with the yellow fever, her sex was discovered. On her recovery, she married a private in the 37th foot, by whom she has had three children. Still following the fortune of war, she was, with her husband, two years in a prison in France, from which they were released in July last. On the day she landed from the cartel, her husband died. A scar from a sabre, which graces her head, and a mark where a musket-ball was extract-

ed from her leg, are testimonials of her service. Application has been made to the commander in chief to procure a pension for her.

Died, at Gourock, Scotland, on the 1st of December, Gillies M'Kechnie, aged 104, supposed to be the last of the warriors that fought with Prince Charles, in the year 1745, and for whom the veteran declared, within a few days of his death, that he would still fight to the last drop of his blood.

There is now exhibiting at Brussels a girl only seven years old, who lifts with great ease, half a hundred weight in each hand.

The report is still current that the mission of General Koller to the Island of Elba, relates to the divorce of Bonaparte from the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa.

A Ribstone pippin was lately plucked in the garden of T. Wilkinson, Esq. of Oswald House, Durham, of the weight of 15¾ ounces. Its circumference at the centre was 12½ inches. The parent tree was originally brought to this country from Normandy, by Sir John Goodricke, Bart. early in the last century, and planted at his seat at Ribstone, near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, where it now remains, but in a very decayed state.

A few evenings since, as Mr. Charles, the ventriloquist, accompanied by Mr. Turmeau, was returning from Bristol to Bath, they were stopped at a little distance from Bristol by two footpads, who resolutely demanded their money and watches, a requisition with which Mr. Turmeau was reluctantly about to comply, when suddenly two voices were heard as from the side of the road, vociferating almost at the same moment—"Holloa, you villains! We have been looking after you these three days, and now we have caught you!" The fellows, conceiving the voices to proceed from two officers of police, who were about to apprehend them, were glad to betake themselves to their heels for safety; and by this ingenious and ready stratagem, did Mr. Charles preserve his own property and that of his friend.

The house of Mich. M'Nichol, of Glack, within four miles of Newtownlimavady, Ireland, was lately broken open by a body of armed men. M'Nichol, having been a short time before robbed of his arms, was incapable of making any defence; and the merciless banditti, after breaking his wife's arm, and cruelly wounding several of his children, murdered himself, and afterwards mangled his body in a shocking manner. Two causes are assigned for this barbarous act—M'Nichol having refused to become a member of a treasonable association, and his having taken the farm he occupied, after another man had been dispossessed of it.

Venerable Tree.—A yew tree is now standing in Awre Church-yard, in Gloucestershire, whose circumference, four feet from the ground, is 22 feet 5 inches, and its diameter upwards of seven feet—it is hollow, having a passage quite through from its decayed state.

'*Its winter berries feed the birds around,*
Its branches shade the consecrated ground.'

Plymouth, Nov. 24.—This being the day appointed for the ascension of Mr. Sadler's balloon from this town, considerable curiosity was excited. The town began to fill last night, and this morning it was crowded from all directions. The weather was very fine in the morning, and appeared very auspicious. The process of filling the balloon went on with the greatest regularity till it was completely filled and ready for ascension and it was then moved by four ropes. The wind had just before shifted, and unfortunately a sudden squall came on just as the car was affixed and all was ready for rising, when the balloon was impelled against the railing which surrounds a statue in the ground near where it was to ascend, which tore it, and at the same moment the violence of the wind was such as to snap the net in several places and break the valve from the top, rendering it unfit to take any person up with it. Mr. Windham Sadler would have ventured, but was prevailed on by his surrounding friends to give it up; he, however, allowed the balloon and car to ascend to gratify the public.

We have received the following extract of a letter from Dublin, respecting a fatal accident from the use of the *detonating balls*, which has been before mentioned, but which did not then appear to us to be sufficiently authenticated:—"An accident has occurred this day, which I hope will be a warning against the use of detonating balls. Mrs. —— had unfortunately taken one up, and was scraping it with a knife, when, as I suppose, she pressed it too hard, and it exploded, and shattered the knife into three parts, forcing the fragments into her throat: in the space of five minutes she bled to death! Mr. ——, who went there, declares that they had entered with such

force, that they were extracted with great difficulty."

Extraordinary Robbery.—Lord Longford's house, in Charles-street, St. James's Square, adjoining St. Alban's Hotel, has been purchased by the commissioners for forming the new street from Carlton House. His lordship is gone to Ireland, and had left the whole of his valuable furniture in it under the care of Messrs. France and Banting, upholsterers and cabinet-makers, who took all due precaution to protect it, by appointing one of their oldest and most trusty men to sleep in the house, which he has done for these three weeks past. He spent Sunday with his wife and family, and was leaving them in Tufton-street, Westminster, in the evening, to go to sleep at the house; but on account of the torrents of rain which fell, he did not go. Monday morning, when he went to the house to see that all was safe, he found that it had been stripped of all the valuable looking-glasses, consisting of four chimney-glasses, three pier-glasses, and others, of the value, it is supposed, of between three and four hundred pounds. They had been taken down in a neat and workmanlike manner, not any violence having been used, or any traces as to how the robbers entered the house, though there must have been several to carry away glasses of uncommon size. It is supposed they were carried off about four o'clock on Monday morning, as at that time the porter at Warren's Hotel, opposite to the house, who was sitting up for a gentleman of the name of Douglas, and heard the noise of a carriage. He went to the door, expecting it was Mr. D. when he saw a long cart or caravan, with a single iron-grey horse, waiting. Mr. Richold, the proprietor, was awake at the time, and heard a knocking in the house. Mr. Sweegwash, of St. Alban's-street, whose house is at the back, also heard it. Messrs. France and Banting have offered a reward to discover the cart or caravan and driver, but have not succeeded. The patrole was not on his duty that night.

Mysterious Murder at Paris.—[*Paris, Nov.* 20.]—I have just time to inform you of a most horrid and mysterious murder, which must have been committed here last night, or early this morning. The body of a man was found this morning in the following mutilated state:—the head was found on the Quai de Thuilleries, the body and arms on the Place de Louis Quinze, the legs and thighs in the Allè des Veuves. The patroles, who found these different members, took them to La Morne, the place were persons who meet with an untimely death are exposed, in order that they may be owned. Thousands have flocked there, and are still flocking to the place, but the countenance, though not at all disfigured, is not as yet recognised by any one. It is generally supposed that he was a foreigner. It is remarkable that the members were wrapt up in very fine linen, which was marked with the initials A. C.

Shocking Occurrence.—An inquisition was held lately at Ashton-upon-Mersey, before Mr. Hollins, Coroner, upon the bodies of a young woman and her infant child, found drowned in the river Mersey. It appeared the deceased had been courted some time by a young man, by whom she had the child, and was afterwards slighted by him, and took the fatal resolution of drowning herself and the infant. The jury brought in a verdict, under the circumstances, *Lunacy*. They were both buried in one grave, by the Rev. Mr. Hodson, Curate of Ashton, amidst the commiseration of a surrounding multitude.

Joseph Bonaparte has on a sudden quitted the estate he had bought near Geneva, in consequence, it is reported, of a suspicious correspondence, addressed to him, having been seized by the French custom-house officers. But this rumour we can contradict by a letter we have received from Geneva, which explains the cause of Joseph's sudden departure. When Monsieur was at Lyons, he received a complimentary deputation from the Canton de Vaud, to whom his Royal Highness made the following speech in reply:—"It seems, gentlemen, that you are still very much attached to the family of Bonaparte, more so than to the Bourbons since you tolerate that family among you. I advise you to send them out of your country before an order be sent you." The deputies, upon their return, ordered Joseph Bonaparte, and the other members of the family, to quit the country in twenty-four hours.

A dreadful accident occurred lately at Astley's Amphitheatre, Westminster-Bridge. Mr. Stevenson, a respectable saddler in Bridge-row, near the Marsh Gate, Lambeth, who has worked for Mr. Astley for many years, went about half-past one o'clock to inspect the saddles, &c and as he was crossing the court yard leading to the stables, Mr. Parker, one of

the proprietors, who was feeding the flying stag which performed last season, called to him to alter the collar he made in the summer for the animal, as it was thought to hurt his neck, but cautioned him as to going near the stag, it being very savage. Mr. S. said it would not hurt him, and immediately approached; when, we are sorry to add, the stag pinioned him in the corner of his stall, and gored him in so dreadful a manner, that he only survived about five minutes.

Late fall of Sones in France.—M. Lamoureux, an able naturalist, and an eye-witness of the fall of stones at Agen, has transmitted the following relation to the Institute, the general *depot* of all that is scientific and curious in France:—"At eleven in the morning the sky was pure, calm, and transparent, as it is almost always in the southern provinces, and as it so rarely is on our foggy banks of the Seine. On a sudden, in the north-west, appeared at a great distance a dark cloud, with a very slow motion, and of apparently very circumscribed dimensions; for, at the altitude at which it was, its diameter did not appear more than a few feet. Presently its motion increased, and the cloud rolled over itself with a noise resembling that of a continual thunder. A terrible explosion took place; the noise ceased; the cloud divided itself; at the same instant, the inhabitants of several communes were struck with terror at seeing falling around them stones of a very considerable size, making holes in the earth several inches in depth. The Count de Villeneuve, Prefect of the Department, has collected several of them." M. Lamoureux has sent his brother, who is very curious in such researches, to the place, to obtain all the information he can procure. The stones collected at Agen resemble those found at l'Aigle, Landes, and other places, but they are of a clearer grey, and a thinner consistency. If they came from the *moon* they must belong to a more *refined* manufacture than we have hitherto seen.—M. Laumoureux proposes to deposit these beautiful specimens at the Institute, and we shall then be better able to judge of them.

BIRTHS.

Mrs. Fenney, Portland-place, of a daughter.
Mrs. Granville Vernon, of a daughter.
Mrs. Stuart, Kilburn, of a daughter.
The Lady of Gen. Grant, of a daughter.
Mrs. Denton, Somer's Town, of a son.
Mrs. Leech, of a son.
Mrs. Platt, Burton Crescent, of a daughter.
Mrs. Baker Richards, of a daughter.
Mr. Lane, Pentonville, of a son.
Mrs. Blow, Grimsby, of twins.
Mrs. Corliss, near Grimsby, of four daughters, one still living.
Mrs. Wyvill, Burton Hall, of a daughter.
Lady Burke, of a son.
Lady Gordon, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

R. K. Cobbold, Esq. to Miss Smith.
Mr. Wells to Miss Wells.
Admiral Hope to the Hon. Georgiana Kinnaird.
Capt. Warburton to Miss Brown.
Mr. Willows to Miss G. Brown.
W. J. Charlton, Esq. to Miss Webb.
J. Hargreaves, Esq. to Miss Vavasour.
J. E. Thomas, Esq. to Miss H. White.
J. Morgan, Esq. to Miss Nichols.
E. Lawford, Esq. to Miss Bowring.
Hon. T. Erskine to Miss. Trail.
R. P. Jodrell, jun. Esq. to Lady A. C. King.
Lieut. Col. Ellice to Miss Courtney.
Rt. Hon. J. T. H. Somerset to Lady C. Annesley.
Sir P. Francis, K.B. to Miss E. Watkins.
Rev. T. Houlbrooke to Miss Taylor of Mortlake.
J. Innes, Esq. to Miss M. Leslie.
H. Smedley, Esq. to Miss E. French.
Rev. G. S. Crompton to Miss Down.

DIED.

The Countess Dowager of Westmoreland.
Mrs. Sockett and her infant daughter.
Mrs. Smith of Turnham Green.
Mrs. Biddy Clark, aged 83.
Mr. Brady of the Victualling Office.
The Marquis of Bute.
Miss Hillyard.
Rev. G. Tabourdin.
D. Whalley, Esq.
Mrs. West, wife of Mr. West, P. R.A.
Rev. Dr. Eveleigh,
Dowager Lady Bolton.
Rt. Hon. Lord Coleraine.
Rt. Hon Viscount Avonmore.
F. D Fitzmaurice, Esq.
W. Strong, Esq.
Mr. Bramah the Mechanist.
Right Hon. Earl of Newburgh.
Mrs. Mazzinghi.
The Dowager Lady Kensington.
Claud Monckton, Esq.
Admiral G. Dundas.